

THE  
COLLEGIATE



1921

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Established 1885

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Was the title of an article in a recent issue of the Toronto Sunday World, the result of an interview with Miss M. McMahon, President of the Canadian Business Woman's Club of Toronto and formerly head of Canada's largest Employment Bureau.

There is unlimited opportunity for advancement and success ahead of the conscientious well trained stenographer.

Business firms are always on the lookout for young men and women who understand business transactions and how results are arrived at from their proper record in a set of books; those who can write and read shorthand fluently and transcribe it in good English accurately and rapidly on the typewriter. The capable and wide awake young person who is willing to learn can soon make themselves indispensable to the firm with which they are connected.

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(Orville raises his hand.)

Miss Story—"Didn't it make you feel wee?"

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Hard to believe !



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CHINA  
KITCHEN HARDWARE  
ETC., ETC.,

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SARNIA — ONT.

---

Miss Harris, dictating notes in "Civics"—"A bill was killed in com-  
mittee."

Frieda Taylor in blue-eyed wonder interrupted—"Oh, Miss Harris, did  
the committee really kill a 'Bill'?"

---

Edison Phonographs

### W. E. C. WORKMAN

Nordheimer Pianos

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DEALER IN HIGH GRADE MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

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It is the largest Life Insurance Co. in America. It is the largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World.

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Out of 244 Life Insurance Companies in America, the New York Life Insurance Company has according to American Underwriters Pocket Chart for 1919:

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Paid over one-fifth of all dividends and

**At only One-fourth of the Total Expense.**

**This is why people prefer to carry their insurance in the New York Life.**

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Repair and fur-  
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QUICK SERVICE ON STANDARD PLANS

Warehouse Stock

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WE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO  
CAN DO YOUR WORK RIGHT

## **==Smith Electric Co.==**

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2 Stores 2

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Mr. Young having completed work on 'organ pipes' said : "I don't suppose any of you will make very much use of this work on organ pipes."

Win. Crawford, in stage whisper—"Oh, I will, I'm going to be an organ grinder."

---

BARR BLOCK

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MANUFACTURERS OF ICE CREAM (Wholesale and Retail) WE  
SPECIALIZE IN FANCY BRICK ICE CREAM

## THE MILLS BROS. IDEA IS—

to lower the cost of living for its customers. It is accomplished thus:

First, we buy good merchandise as low as specially trained buyers can secure it—

Then, we set a selling price which includes only a small profit.

These low prices turn our stock over time after time each year.

We find that a small profit repeated is better than a large one—

And it is a greath thing for our customers.

It brings wearables, home needs and all sorts of miscellaneous necessities to you for less.



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Plumbing, Heating, Sheet Metal Work, Eavetroughing  
Electric Supply, Fixtures and Repairs  
All Work Guaranteed

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**REQUIRED IN THE FIELD OF SPORT, IN THE BUSINESS WORLD  
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NEAL'S Good White BREAD**

Sold by all good grocers or phone for one of our busy wagons.

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Open 7 to 9.30 for Breakfast

**SPECIAL BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH 60c; from 12 to 2**

Also a la Carte Service at all hours

**DANCE BANQUET**

**LEE MANN, Manager**

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Bessie Grace—"Charley, what position do you play on the hockey team?"

Chick Garvey—"Usually on defence."

Funny-face Newton—"I'll tell the world you're usually on the fence."

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**ROBERT KIRBY**

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**Groceries, Chinaware, Flour and Feed**

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Light, Medium and  
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In Sik, Lisle, Cashmere  
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CIGARS, TOBACCOS, PIPES  
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When thinking of furnishing a home try us. All the latest dainty designs. Prices are reasonable, Quality considered

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and enjoy the best in Sundaes  
and Sodas. Ice Cold Drinks  
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IS ALWAYS IN DEMAND

YOU ARE NOT ADEQUATELY DRESSED  
WITHOUT A PAIR



**R. E. LESUEUR**

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Phone 358

Sarnia

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Miss Story—"Isaac, in the sentence 'The fire is low, make it burn',  
what punctuation mark is needed?"  
Lampel—"Col-on."

---

223 N. Front Street

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**F. Chambers & Co.**

**ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS**

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COFFEE PERCOLATORS, TOASTERS

SEWING MACHINES & MOTORS

## Sarnia Hydro Electric System

Inez—"What's the difference between love and influenza?"

Neely—"I don't know."

Miss Misner—"Influenza comes with a chill and ends with a fever, love comes with a fever and ends with a chill."

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Chiropractors specialize in correcting all abnormalities of the Spinal Column. 95 per cent of all diseases respond to Chiropractic.

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Authorized Capital . \$1,000,000.00

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The funds of the Company are invested in First Mortgages on Real Estate, mostly improved farms and Municipal Debentures, Government Bonds and in all the wide range of investments it is admitted by the shrewdest financiers that no better classes of securities can be obtained anywhere, as all chance and speculation is entirely eliminated.

Deposits of one dollar and upwards received, and interest allowed from the day deposit is made to date of withdrawal.

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### CLOTHES SHOP

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THRIFT means future independence. Have you a Savings Account? One Dollar is enough to start such an account. A little reserve fund is a valuable asset when one commences to earn one's own living. Why not build one for yourself by putting small sums away in this Bank from time to time.

If you would learn how to make money, first  
learn how to save it.

### THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

SARNIA BRANCH

L. J. McCLARTY, Manager

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## - HIGH CLASS TAILORING -

LADIES AND MEN'S

Latest Styles and Finest Imported Woollens

Young Men's Suits a Specialty

**N. W. "Fred" Pollard**

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Next to Industrial Mortgage & Savings Co.

Sarnia

# THE COLLEGIATE



Published in the Interests of the  
Collegiate Institute, Sarnia, Ont.



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## Dedication

---

In recognition of the great honour brought to the  
school through their efforts, we take pleasure  
in dedicating this Championship Number  
of "The Collegiate" to

### Our Championship Teams

Interscholastic O. R. F. A. Champions

and

Senior and Junior Western

Ontario Track Champions



### FOREWORD

The slow, steady turning of the Wheel of Time is bringing the Spring to the earth once more. Besides warm sunshine, balmy air and beautiful flowers, this season always brings to us, as students of the Collegiate, the school magazine and the Easter vacation. On account of the early date of Easter this year the Oratorical Contest was postponed until after that date. In the Spring term we also hope to put on a play equal to those of former years.

In reviewing the school life of the magazine year, we find that the rising generation brings a vigorous and co-operative spirit to the world exhausted by the war and

broken up into many antagonistic factions.

We have aimed to make this magazine a mirror which will reflect what we have all been doing in the various school activities. This we hope will develop a broader interest in each individual student in the several phases of school life. Perhaps some students may get a vision of the glaring vacancies on the Literary Society's platform or in the realm of sport, which are crying out for speedy occupation.

We would also have this magazine a window through which the Alumni may see how the school is actually progressing in spite of being deprived of their valuable assistance.

### RECONSTRUCTION

At the present time our Country is suffering from general weariness due to the re-action from the tense struggle of the war. After working so long under the lash of war necessity we lost some of our will power. Now when the whip has been removed, we have no strength to carry us on to use the lessons taught by the war and thus to develop into a bigger and better nation. Moreover, the momentum of the intense rush for greater production, necessitated by the war, which has been carrying us on so far has lost almost all its energy. The crisis of the Reconstruction period is rapidly approaching.

Are the economical and social

conditions such that they will stand the test? Commerce and trade are developing but it is rather the value of our imports than that of our exports that is causing the increase. As a result, our Canadian dollar is no longer worth one hundred cents on foreign money markets. The decline in the development of Agriculture, an industry that yields the greater part of our exports is one of the chief causes of the poor economical conditions which prevail throughout the country. One of the chief influences towards this decline is the steady flow of a dissatisfied rural population to the crowded urban centres. The resulting lack of farm labor

caused a great deal of hardships and starvation this winter though record crops covered the harvest fields last fall. Factories are not yet readjusted to civil conditions and scores and scores of men have been without work this winter. This increase in urban population, the high price of necessities and the lack of employment has increased the general dissatisfaction and the urgent demand for Reconstruction. Then, too, these conditions added to the exhausted state of the world make our petty grievances seem serious wrongs, which divide the world into several antagonistic factions. Since peace was declared the world has suffered a relaxation of spirit, is indifferent to the affairs of others and blind to the great need of the unselfish co-operation of every citizen in the work of reconstruction. To reveal this need to the world we must have fresh impetus, a fine inspiration, a new goal to be attained. Where shall we find an example of a nation, which, having had a vision of a new state is earnestly striving towards such a goal?

Beyond our southern border lies a great nation, a nation founded by men who sacrificed their wealth, their homes, their friends and even their allegiance to their native land for the great cause of freedom. When the countries of Europe were vainly struggling amidst the mad chaos of civilized warfare for some solution of the proposition of the inter-relation of countries, this nation gave the world a new hope in the vision of the League of Nations. But the nation which aided so much in the cessation of deadly strife has failed deplorably in her Reconstruction duties. Shall we look for a Vision to a Nation which has indifferently turned aside the great opportunity of leading the World to a new plane of unselfish co-operative development?

Then shall we turn to the Motherland. She has often guided our Ship of State around a new bend in

the river of Development. Under a load of difficulties which does not permit the addition of the problems of her colonies England is struggling to return to a civil status. She is bearing the greater part of the financial burdens of the war. The extensive destruction of her merchant marine during the war has hampered the development of her commerce. Her manufacturing industries have been seriously handicapped by strikes. Then the Irish question which has caused the overthrow of many an English government or the defeat of many great statesmen seems stubbornly determined not to be settled. In her Eastern Colonies, Egypt and India, England bears the great strain by establishing a new form of control to suit the changed conditions. But in spite of this chaos we believe with Earl Grey that "the general sense of the community will show, that, as has often been the case before when other nations have been driven to extreme courses, there has been an element of stability and solid sense in this country which has sought for remedies, not by sudden violence but by steady and peaceful reform." Though these words assure us that the ultimate outcome will be favourable, still they convince us that our burden cannot be shifted to the Motherland.

Should we not rather shoulder it ourselves? Since the first discovery of this country the world has been happy to find here vast forests, great interior waterways and extensive mineral areas. Must our contribution to civilization always consist of material things? Material wealth alone will not produce a nation that will last after these things have crumbled away. Such a city was ancient Carthage which remains only in Greek and Roman literature. Neither are the chief principles of modern civilization, handed down to us from the Motherland, which provide for equality in the law courts, and at

the polling-stations, or free expression of different ideas sufficient to maintain a nation.

Whenever the acquisition of Knowledge ceases the civilization becomes stagnant and the nation decays. What have we as a country added to the Science, Literature, Art or Philosophy of the World? How can we hope to fill our place in the Council of Nations without these qualifications? To

each and every student of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute, as part of the great Student body of the Nation, comes a call as clear and persistent as the call to Arms came to our soldiers; a call to develop the intellectual and moral phases of our national life. In this way only will we develop the Dominion of Canada into a nation that will survive the crisis and stand the test of Ages.

### CHAMPIONSHIPS

This year 19120-21 will go on record as being the most successful in Boys' Athletics. A high standard has been set for the future in this department of school activities. Since the last publication of the magazine, three Athletic Championships have come to the S. C. I. On the 24th of May, 1920, at the first interscholastic track

meet ever held in Western Ontario, the school carried off the two team championships. This fall, for the first time since the year 1916 the school won the Interscholastic Rugby Championship. All honour to those who have made this record! May those who represent the school at the final tests next June win similar laurels.

### THE LIBRARY

The Sarnia Public Library gives us more aid in the pursuit of our various studies than we sometimes realize. What should we do if we had to choose all the books for our Supplementary Reading from the limited supply of ponderous volumes in the School Library? The splendid stock of books on various subjects to be found at the Public Library contains much information for Collegiate students, without which we should be greatly handicapped.

The Library Board has been very considerate in procuring many new books on subjects of particular interest to the students. We are proud to see that this year one of

the members of the Library Board who is also a member of the S.C.I. Faculty, Mr. D. M. Grant, was elected President of the Ontario Library Association.

In seeking books on Supplementary Reading, or looking for matter for debates or speeches we are indeed grateful to the Librarians for the willing assistance and kind courtesy they have always shown us.

Would it not save them much trouble if a Collegiate section were arranged so that the students might more readily find the books on Science, History, Classics, Literature and on other subjects included in their courses?

### THE PICTURE EXHIBIT

At the Library this year we have seen evidence of a good work lately undertaken by the Conservation Committee of the Red Cross Society. For over two weeks many fine Canadian pictures were on exhibition. During this fortnight a lecture on Canadian Art was given by Professor Farlie of Toronto Un-

iversity. This exhibit is a splendid beginning in the work of making us more familiar with the work of Canadian Artists. These pictures have aided the great work of the Public Library in developing more appreciation of this poetry of the eye in which colour is the language and shades the words.

### A CRYING NEED

From the building records reported in the Sarnia daily newspaper we should judge that the city is rapidly developing. Larger numbers of men are being employed by manufacturing companies, who are constantly enlarging old factories. In addition to this, some new manufacturing plants have been established. But has there been any change in the social halls to supply the need of this increased population? What accommodation is there for such an audience as would assemble to hear speakers from other places or to see local plays? The Auditorium of the City Hall was built about thirty years ago, when the city's population was about four thousand. Now, with a city of over seventeen thousand we are cramped into the same auditorium.

The capacity of the Assembly Hall at the Collegiate was insufficient for a school play eight years ago. The capacity of the City Hall may be sufficient to accommodate

the student body of the school but where shall we put their "parents and friends" when we stage our play after Easter?

The stage accommodation is even more inadequate than the seating capacity and would hinder the successful production of any play. Rather than use the glaring scenery now on the stage of the City Hall we think it would be better to adopt the method of Shakespeare's day of tacking up shingle with the name of the place such as 'Campus' in plain black letters and let the Audience use their imagination for the rest.

Could we not have a large community hall, having at least three stories; with two gymnasiums on the ground floor, an auditorium with accommodation for about two thousand people on the second floor and on the third floor a place where light and distance were suitable for the display of the fine paintings which have been brought to the city during the past year?

### THE ADVERTISING SECTION

The advertising rates of "The Collegiate" are high. In fact, they are higher than we would like to have them. But owing to the cost of publication it would have been impossible to have any magazine at all if any reduction were made in our advertising charges. So they were left as they were and we trusted

that the city's business men would stand behind us. And they supported us magnificently. A greater number than ever contributed to our advertising section. Read these advertisements, students, and remember the firms that supported your school paper!

"Patronize them; they patronized us."

### ACADEMIC HONOURS

For the sixth year in succession, the three Carter scholarships for Lambton County have come to S. C. I. students. Last year those who were successful in upholding the honours of the school in this department were D. G. Carr, Mary McGeachy, and Mina Knowles, winners respectively of the first, second and third scholarships. Gordon Carr gained further laurels for

himself and for the school by winning the Seventh Edward Blake scholarship at the Toronto University. Nor would it be amiss to mention under this heading the signal success gained by S. C. I. students at the Junior Matriculation Examinations—THE Matric. The showing they made was indeed wonderful and the standard they set is one that Fourth Forms of the future will have to work hard to



equal.

Pretty conclusive proof, isn't it,

that the S. C. I. can produce scholars as well as athletes?

### THE ADOLESCENT SCHOOL ATTENDANCE ACT

The Adolescent School Attendance Act was passed in 1919 and as far as is known at present, all its sections will come into effect within the next two or three years. With certain stated exceptions, every young person under sixteen shall be required to attend school for full term next year, and during the term commencing September 1923, all between sixteen and eighteen years of age must attend part time courses of instruction for an aggregate of at least 320 hours each year.

All must admit that this is a move in the right direction. A country of well-educated citizens may not make an ideal state, but without higher education, no country can hope to become truly great. Education lies at the bottom of all social, intellectual and moral strength. Thus we should be well satisfied with the work of the Ontario Legislature in this regard.

But even at the present moment many difficulties in the enforcing of this act can be foreseen. Many a bitter fight will be fought before every adolescent obliged by this act to attend school can be enrolled as a student at an educational institution. And many a community will have to work very hard in order to supply accommodation for the increased number of young people attending school.

Even the law now in force, requiring compulsory education up to fourteen years of age, has failed in some cases. There are young people of Ontario to-day, sons and daughters of settlers or of miners in the north, who have not gone to school one day in their lives. Ontario may boast of the physical strength and perfection of these citizens, but what have we to say when we learn that many of them

are entirely uneducated and that many know nothing whatever of the Christmas and Easter stories? This condition must not be allowed to exist. Something must be done. True, it will be a tremendous undertaking, one that involves an immense amount of labour and expense, but work and money should hardly be considered when we think of the great need for a better state of affairs in these outlying districts of our province.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our own city has a great problem on its hands in the furnishing of accommodation for an increased attendance at High School. The old collegiate has been found far too small for the number of students, under the present conditions. The commercial pupils attend a school in another section of the city, and for the first year classes, a makeshift building consisting of four rooms has been set up at the rear of the main school. This has proved very unsatisfactory, and elsewhere in this magazine an article dealing with this subject will give our readers a good idea of the real state of affairs with regard to the first year class accommodations. But when the Adolescent Act comes into force not only will there be an over-abundance of freshies, but (can you imagine it?) large numbers will be enrolled in Upper School, and the other higher classes. Certainly we are at present totally unprepared for such a condition, but without a doubt, it will have to be faced in the near future. The building of a new school is practically the only solution of the problem. And yet what can be done if the municipality refuses to grant money for the erection of a new Collegiate? Citizens of Sarnia, give this matter serious attention.



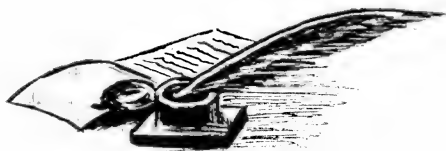
## CHANGES IN THE FACULTY

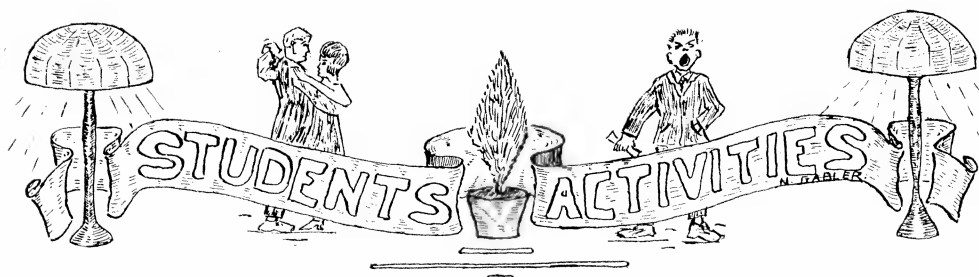
Of the twelve teachers who finished the last school term at the Collegiate, two only are not with us to-day. At the end of the term Miss MacRae gave up teaching to enter upon the study of law, while Miss Nicholson left last Christmas for Humberstone Collegiate, in her "home town," Toronto.

Five new teachers were added to the Faculty. From Strathroy Collegiate came Mr. W. J. Southcombe, B. A., to take over some of Mr. Grant's Latin classes, and in spite of the fact that he is teaching such a barborous subject, he has become very popular with the students. Out of school, he has worked hard for our basketball teams. The new Physics room was placed in charge of Mr. R. H. Young, who last year taught in Picton, and who besides conducting his regular Physics classes has helped the boys with their Glee Club. As assistant in the English and History departments came Miss Kenyon from Vankleek Hill Collegiate. She has taken a very helpful interest in the success of the Junior Literary Society. Like

the rest of the school, the Commercial department has broadened out and it was found necessary to add a third teacher to its roll. We were indeed fortunate to obtain the services of Miss Heather, from Listowel Collegiate. Miss Nicholson's classes in Moderns have been taken over by Miss A. M. Oaks, B. A., from Prescott High School, an all round athlete and capable teacher. Since the coming of "notre petite institutrice de francais," it is surprising the wonderful interest that practically every boy in the school has taken in Modern French.

Thus, at present, the S. C. I. staff includes fifteen members, (sixteen counting "Davy"), and we doubt if a better group of teachers is to be found in any other Collegiate. At times, it is true, we say hard things about them, but when we come down to the straight truth we must admit that they are all right. And, although they on their part, say rather hard things about us, don't you think there's a chance that deep down in their hearts they maybe think that we're "not such a bad lot, after all?"





### LITERARY SOCIETY

The art of public speaking, which is so sadly lacking in many of the schools of our province is looked after in the S. C. I. by the two large Literary Societies. They are, however, not totally confined to literary and oratorical activities but embrace all the activities of the school, musical, social, athletic and educational. Previous to last year the societies were united in one body but owing to the limited seating capacity of the present Assembly Hall, it was found necessary to divide the one society into two, calling one the Junior and the other the Senior Literary Society.

The meetings began in September and with a fair amount of regularity have been held every two weeks since. The opening meeting was given over entirely to the nomination of officers for the coming year. J. LeBel, the Vice-President of the Society during the past year held the chair. The most noticeable feature of the meeting was the enthusiastic spirit of all the members. The vote was taken in the various class rooms the next day. With several marked improvements, especially with regard to the critic's report and the length of the program, the later meetings have surpassed even last year's most successful ones. Music, both instrumental and vocal has been a feature of every meeting. Singing in the Society programmes has had an added incentive by the organization of a Male Glee Club under the able management of Stanley Teskey. It made its debut early in

February and proved itself to be highly successful. One meeting was given over to impromptu speeches while several short plays and skits were given by various forms of the school. One of these was a Mock-Trial by the pupils

3A. It had to do with a farmer "lawing" a neighbor for the theft of a maple syrup kettle. The various roles were well acted by the players and altogether the play was indeed a success. So far there has been only one outside speaker. The Rev. Dr. Knowles of Devine Street Methodist Church gave a very interesting speech on "Influence." It was an instructive address and held the interest of the audience throughout. Another feature of the same meeting was the rather radical critic's report given by Wm. Donohue who came in and went out again under an armed guard.

Owing to the division in the Society, some few changes were made in the constitution and copies of the constitution were printed and distributed among the members. The Literary Society uses all its influence and gives financial support in furthering good sport in the school. It came to the assistance of the Rugby Team to loan funds for bringing the Northview Team from Toronto and also aided the Boy's Athletic Association in sending representatives of the school to London to try for the trip to Baltimore. Aided by the Staff, it also chose the Staff for the "Collegiate" magazine and altogether shows itself an organization which the school would find it hard to do



### Senior Literary Society Executive

Standing—G. Hamilton, C. LeBel, C. Garvey, W. Donohue. Sitting—B. Grace, S. Teskey, President T. Newton, J. LeBel, G. Sharpe.

without.

The officers of the present year are as follows:—

Hon. Pres.—Miss L. Cruickshank  
President—Ted Newton.

Vice-Pres.—John LeBel

Secretary—Grace Sharpe.

Treasurer—Charlie Garvey.

School Reporter—George Hamilton, for part of the time and now William Donohue. (Owing to accepting a position in Port Huron, George Hamilton was forced to give up this position. Walter Potter and William Donohue were nominated to fill the position and after a rather enthusiastic election Wil-

liam Donohue won the post of honour.)

Form Representative:—

U. S.—S. Teskey, C. LeBel.

Form IV — W. Donohue, B. Grace.

Form 3A—C. Brown, R. Simpson.

Form 3 B —C. Grace, W. Bell.

Form 2A — M. McKenzie, N. Gabler.

Form 2B—J. Haines, J. Woodwark.

Form 2C—N. Saylor, L. Saunders.

Sr. C.—F. Gigax, A. Smith.

2E—Helen Saurwein.

### THE BLISS CARMAN LECTURE

On March 3rd, under the auspices of the Senior Literary So-

ciety, the citizens of Sarnia had the opportunity of hearing a famous

Canadian poet, Bliss Carman. Dr. J. Morrison introduced the poet, who divided his readings into three sections. Bliss Carman is famed throughout the continent for his intimate knowledge of nature and many of his poems deal with plants and flowers. Between the readings, excellent music was furnished by Mrs. T. A. G. Gordon,

Misses Bennett and Fraser, and Mr. Sleeth.

The Literary Society is to be complimented on its excellent judgment in bringing to our city such a pleasing and talented man as Mr. Carman and it is hoped that they have many more similar treats in store for us.

### JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

During the term, this Society, which was started in October, has had several interesting meetings. In the fall and winter sessions, a series of inter-form contests took place, the trophy being a picture to be hung in the classroom of the victorious student until won by another class. These contests took the form of short-story telling, readings, debating and for a closing number a musical contest was held. The winners in the various contests were Margaret Bentley, (1A) Thelma Jarvis (1B), Inez Nickels (1D), Ursula Logan (1B), and Beatrice Larner (1E). In the final round the victors were Form (1E), who therefore retain the picture until the end of the year.

At the last meeting of the Easter

session, the prizes for original ballads were presented. The first prize was won by Albert Johnston and the second by Laura Hargrave (1B).

The members of the executive of this Society are:

Hon. President—Miss G. Story  
 Pres.—Donald MacKay.  
 Vice-Pres.—Margaret Hall.  
 Sec.—Almira Brown.  
 Treas.—Teresa Tobin.  
 School Reporter—Harold O'Rae.  
 Form Representatives—  
 1A—E. Cook, S. Crompton.  
 1B—I. Misner, L. Hallam.  
 1C—I. Richardson, M. McCor-  
 mick.  
 1D—M. Rhodes, R. Walker.  
 1E—E. Booth, R. Germain.  
 1F—B. Turner, G. Smith.

### COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement Exercises which were held in the City Hall on December 21st, showed perhaps better than any previous Commencement what is being accomplished in the S. C. I. especially in the drill classes of the girls. The hall was filled long before the programme began and the alumni, arriving late, marched as usual up the centre of the hall to their customary place in the front row. Upon reaching their destination, however, they soon discovered that this front row was occupied by the fair participants of the evening and as there was no surplus of chairs, found it necessary to take up their position on the floor.

The program was divided into two parts, the first consisting in the presentation of prizes and diplomas and the valedictory address combined with several musical numbers. Lester Wemple with his usual clear technique and easy grace at piano, Misses Bennett and Fraser with their attractive Hawaiian music, and two excellent soloists, Misses Bell and Burge, furnished the musical part of the program. The valedictory address, always an important factor at Commencement was ably delivered by Gordon Carr now attending University College, Toronto, and he chose for his subject "Reminiscences of School Life." Then, of

course, there was the presentation of prizes and diplomas and students from all grades, fair and dark, tall and short, thin and fat — all were there upon the platform eagerly awaiting their honours. The winners were as follows:

#### Upper School.

Gordon Carr — First Carter Scholarship, \$100.

Mina Knowles — Second Carter Scholarship, \$60.

Lilian Fuller — Third Carter Scholarship, \$40.

It is worthy of note that the Seventh Edward Blake Scholarship of \$150 was won by Gordon Carr, for General Proficiency.

#### Middle School

Jessie McGeachy — First place in Matriculation Course. Prize of \$10 presented by F. F. Pardee, M.P.

Miles Gordon — First place in Normal Entrance Course. Prize of \$10 presented by Robert Kerr.

Margaret McLean — First place in Matriculation Classics. Prize of \$10 presented by Dr. Bell.

Carl Lawrence — First place in third year, Col. Towers' Prize of \$10.

Louis Galloway — F. J. Morris' prize for Science, \$5.

Lower School — Prizes donated by W. J. Hanna.

Arthur Ellwood — First place in Matriculation Class, \$10.

Lester Wemple — First place in Teacher's Course, \$10.

Charlotte Towers — First place in 1st Year Matriculation, \$5.

Jean Woodwark — First place in 1st Year Teacher's Course.

Charlotte Towers — Shield for best student in 1st Year.

Commercial Department. Prizes for General Proficiency donated by George Samis.

Thelma Granger — First place in Senior Class, \$5.

Floyd Gigax — First place in Junior Class, \$5.

#### Medals for Field Day

Donated by Board of Education.

Form IV — Senior Form Championship Shield.

Form 2A — Junior Form Championship Shield.

Wilfred Miller — Senior Individual Championship Shield.

Senior Champions — Boys, W. Miller; Girls, Bessie Grace.

Junior Champions — Boys, D. McKay; Girls, Charlotte Towers.

#### Athletic Honours

City Hockey Championship — S. C. I. Hockey Team, 1919-1920. — Bankers' Challenge Cup.

Western Ontario Senior School Athletics — Championship — S. C. I. Track Team, 1920. Trophy presented by the City of London.

Western Ontario Junior School Athletic Championship — S. C. I. Track Team, 1920. Trophy presented by London Chamber of Commerce.

Interscholastic Rugby Championship for Ontario — Rugby Team of 1920. Shield presented by W. T. Goodison.

The diplomas presented were as follows:

Senior — Gordon Carr, Mina Knowles, Lilian Fuller, Helen Lockie.

Junior — J. Baldwin, V. Bolton, M. Cairns, L. Cook, A. Core, H. Cowan, M. Ferguson, A. Haines, L. Haney, D. Howard, C. LeBel, E. Kennedy, J. McGeachy, K. McGibbon, M. McLean, G. Mackenzie, T. Newton, G. Sharpe, M. Patton, K. Sproule, S. Teskey, E. Turnbull, M. Gordon, B. Phippen.

Commercial — T. Granger, F. Lampel, I. Watson, A. Bennet, D. Tulley, Z. Swafford, C. MacDonald, W. Best, G. Brown, A. MacGregor, V. Mills, C. Eveland, O. Kaupp, B. Tully, G. Gill, E. Pilkey, C. MacAlpine, J. Foreman.

Underwood Typewriting Speed Diplomas — F. Lampel, C. MacDonald, T. Granger, C. Eveland, A. MacGregor, G. Gill.

Certificates — Lower School — M. Anderson, F. Buckindail, F. Chong, J. Conn, G. Cooper, W. Crawford, M. Dawson, E. Dicer, F. Dier, T. Elliott, H. Elnor, W. Garrack, C. Grace, A. Haines, F. Taylor, R.

Harmon, I. Logan, M. McLennan, W. Mackness, V. Norwood E. Simpson, G. Simpson, A. Sole, J. Wemple, A. Wheatley, T. White, A. Wilkinson, H. Wilson, H. Workman.

Hon. Matric.—C. C. Manore.

Faculty Entrance Part 1. — K. Watson.

The second half of the program was made up entirely of folk-dances and drills, which the girls had

learned during drill classes. The simple folk dances were enhanced by the uniformity of the costumes and the unison of their dancing and each number received an enthusiastic encore.

Last but most certainly not least was a piano solo by Miss Frieda Taylor, who as usual enraptured her audience by a brilliant interpretation of *Pilka de la Reine*, by J. Robb.

### G. A. A.



#### Girls' Athletic Association Executive

Standing—V. Kirkpatrick, G. Sharpe, L. Fraser, E. Simpson. Sitting—M. Watson, H. Saurwein, B. Grace (President), B. Knowles, F. Grace.

Owing to lack of a leader, the girls did not "get together" to form their Athletic Association till later than usual and the boys succeeded in electing their officers first. Finally however, a meeting was called and the following officers elected:

Bessie Grace—President.  
Bernice Knowles — Vice-President.  
Mary Watson—Secretary.  
Frances Grace—Treasurer  
In each form a representative was chosen and this executive has

charge of the girls' sports.

The first business of this club was the Freshie Reception, then Field-Day, and now basketball is occupying most of their attention. Tennis has not yet been a great factor in the girls' sports, but we are hoping to make the coming season a record one in this game. Al-

though the girls may not enter into the rugby and basketball like the boys, there are many lines of sport open to them and by the crowds which gather in the gym on Tuesday and Thursday nights, it may be judged that the girls have an active part in the sporting life of the school.

### B. A. A.



#### Boys' Athletic Association Executive

Back row—G. Simpson, R. Hayes, J. Richardson, R. Harkness. Front row—K. McGibbon, T. Newton (President), J. LeBel.

The Boy's Athletic Association, which is open to all male students, who pay the monstrous sum of twenty-five cents, is the body which looks after all the Boy's Sports of the School. This year it has had a rather busy time. With the aid of the Girls' A. A., it superintended the annual track meet of the school on "Field Day", and the two associations are now in

charge of the year's school play. Owing to the heavy expenses of last fall's record Rugby season, the finances of the association practically reached the zero point, but the Lit. Society advanced them money to finish the season, and later, to send the school representatives to the meet at London. At present, however, the association can boast of a slight balance on the right side



of the ledger.

The Officers

President—Ted Newton.

Vice-Pres.—K. McGibbon.

Secretary—J. LeBel.

Treasurer—R. Hayes.

Representatives—

Upper School—R. Harkness

4—J. Richardson.

3A—C. Garvie.

3B—G. Simpson.

2A—F. Pugh.

2B—K. Robinson.

2C—E. Robinson.

1A—C. LeBel.

1B—L. Hallam.

1C—D. McKay.

1D—J. Wellington.

### TENNIS

At the beginning of the fall session a meeting was called to arrange the Tennis Club, and the following officers elected.

President—H. McCobb

Vice-Pres.—G. Sharpe

Sec.—A. Cook.

Treas.—K. Watson.

Those who wished to join had to pay a fee of twenty-five cents. Several games were played on the school court. In the spring it is hoped that the plan to send a team to Port Huron will be carried out.

### BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Senior Literary Society will in the future find a great help in the newly formed Boy's Glee Club. One of the purposes in founding the Club was to fill up the gaps in the "Lit's" programmes, and at a February meeting the boys made their first appearance, the members of the Literary Society showed in no uncertain manner their

appreciation of the club's efforts.

Mr. Young, the Physics master, endeavoured to train the boys, and it is largely due to his work that they were able to furnish some presentable selections.

Stanley Teskey, who may well be called the founder of the club, was elected president, with Fred Pugh vice-president and Wm. Donohue, secretary-treasurer.

### THE ORCHESTRA

The School Orchestra was formed early in February with Wilbert Carter as leader and Charles Grace as treasurer. They are billed to supply some of the later programs of the year and have been practising faithfully for the past two months.

The personnel is as follows:

Violins—Leila Fraser, Inez Misner, Mildred Lucas, Charles Grace.

Mandolin—Ted Newton.

Cornets—Wilbert Carter, Fred Pugh.

Clarinet—H. Reid.

Piano—Frieda Taylor.

### S. C. I. RADIO CLUB

The science of wireless telegraphy and telephoning presents a peculiar interest to young and old. All over America clubs are being formed for the study of this interesting and useful science. Through a somewhat recent discovery it has progressed by leaps and bounds, due for the most part to the late war in which it played so important a part. Many schools

both in Canada and the United States have apparatus installed, and the study has so developed that it has now become a science in itself.

In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, interscholastic communication has been set up to some extent between the Collegiates, and this is also spreading to Ontario. Indeed it has progressed to quite an ex-



tent, and many towns and cities have their wireless stations either professional or amateur. Sarnia has quite a number of the latter. This movement had been heartily supported by the business men of this City, its council, School Board and Chamber of Commerce. The Board has granted sufficient funds to instal a vacuum tube detector and a one-half Kilowatt transmitting set. With this apparatus, messages can be sent out and received within a radius of about sixty miles and communication can be set up with the Industrial Schools of Windsor and Chatham. With the organization now on foot, by means of relays, messages can be sent almost anywhere.

The aerial at the Collegiate is a good one, from between sixty and seventy feet high and over a hundred feet long.

The club at the school was organized by amateurs of the school, and has had several meetings. At these meetings the club members said with sorrow that the girls of the school have been conspicuous by their absence. A written constitution has been drawn up, giving its name, the S. C. I. Radio Club, and giving the aims of the club, etc. The club has been formed to instruct all members to transact radio communication with the speed and accuracy of professional operators. Every member must learn to operate the instrument installed in the Collegiate.

Mr. Dent has been elected Honorary President. The other officers are as follows:

President—N. Burgess.

Vice-Pres.—A. Sole.

Sec.Treas.—L. Sproule.

### FORM CLUBS

#### Freshie

Although the Freshmen are least accustomed to the procedure of clubs, they have formed many successful organizations in their forms. Each room has an Oral Composition Club in which the pupils gain experience in public speaking. Prepared and impromptu speeches are given and debates are carried on during these club meetings.

They also have Supplementary Reading clubs in which the books for supplementaries are reviewed before the class. In this way interest in a wide scope of books is aroused among the students. 1D seems to be the most wide-awake of any of the first years, for in this form there is also a Social Committee. This committee arranges all their social events and last fall held a weiner-roast at the beach. The Freshies are certainly to be complimented on their splendid clubs which they carry on with great zeal and animation.

#### Sophomores

This year in 2A there are two

clubs, the Acme Club and the Oral Composition Club. Debates and speeches are given in these periods and great interest is shown by the students.

2B also has two clubs. The first was organized for the study of Supplementary Reading under Miss Story, but, owing to the fact that this busy form has only three literature periods on its time-table, few meetings have been held. One composition space each week has been set aside for the Oral Composition Club, where under Miss Nichol's direction, the students receive practice in public speaking.

2C has one club, and since they occupy the top floor of the school, they have named it the Attic club. The teacher holds the position of honorary president of the club and the oratorical ability of the pupils is improved.

#### Middle School

Both the third year forms have Current History Clubs and Supplementary Clubs. In 3A, besides the current events the students have reviewed the Crusades, Ear-

ly Exploration and Discovery and are now taking up the Polar Explorations. In 3B the Clubs have taken up California, besides his-

tory from Mediaeval times. All the pupils are enthusiastic and much work has been covered in the above lines.

### FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

Long before the Seniors were seen to collect in groups and discuss their plan of campaign, the Freshettes were whispering through the corridors and some, exceedingly bold, even dared to ask the date of their reception. The opening of the fall term 1920, was a busy one and thus, it was not till later than usual that the reception was arranged. As a means of detecting the newcomers, they were all asked to wear their middies turned backwards and their excellent sporting spirit was shown when, as each senior entered the Assembly Hall she was seen to be accompanied by a frightened freshie who seemed to be vainly trying to leave the hall at the same time as she was entering.

For the reception the Assembly Hall was transformed into an inviting autumn bower. The bare platform was made into a comfy sitting room with plenty of large wicker chairs and sofa cushions,

and here and there large baskets of brilliant flowers produced the necessary colour effects. Here the visitors could watch the evening's proceedings without being disturbed and from this lofty perch, the president conducted the program. The remainder of the hall was a mass of evergreens, leaves and flowers and over all the lights shaded with red paper, threw a truly autumn glow.

The evening's stunts caused great merriment both for the partakers and the onlookers and the various prizes given were envied by all. Our two new teachers, Miss Nicholson and Miss Kenyon are to be complimented on their excellent sporting spirit and it might be said that they were the most genuine freshies present with their long pigtails and green hair-ribbons.

Lunch was served after the programme and the students dispersed, each Senior conducting her charge to her home.

### RUGBY BANQUET, PORT HURON

The Interscholastic Rugby Champions received an honour which no other S. C. I. team has ever been given, when they were invited to attend one of the periodical banquets of the University of Michigan Alumni Club in Port Huron. The team gladly accepted the invitation and enjoyed an abundant feed in the Halden Cafe on the evening of December 23rd. Paul Gochel, right end for the Michigan University was the guest of honour. Af-

ter the meal, songs, speeches and yells, some by the S. C. I. team, were given. The feeling of Good Fellowship which existed between the American and their Canadian friends all through the proceeding was highly commendable.

At the end of the program Capt. McGibbon gave his little, "On behalf of the team I wish to thank you," and after being introduced to Paul Gochel, the team departed to entertain (?) the passengers of the "Jimmie Whiskers."

### FAREWELL

Besides the large number who left the school for university we now miss from our halls, two students in the persons of Ione and

Ivan Caldwell who moved to Hamilton shortly after the opening fall term. Ione did not attend school at all this year, but Red came back

for a few weeks. While attending, a few of his friends presented him with a safety razor, George Hamilton and William Donohue officiating. They are now attending the Hamilton Collegiate where they

have made many friends.

Clara Zalev, one of our most promising basketball players, has also left and is now attending school in Windsor.

### LOWER SCHOOL MASQUERADE

During the fall term the Sophomores and Freshies combined, held a masquerade party in the Assembly Hall. For days before, the decoration committee were at work and a transformed assembly greeted the students when they arrived in various attractive and artistic costumes. Three prizes were given for the best costumes and these were awarded to Mary Scarlatta, who was dressed as a gypsy,

Thelma Jarvis in a Turkish costume and Dave Mackenzie as a girl.

The opening grand march was not confined to the hall alone, but extended through the entire school and thus the usual crowding during this number was prevented. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, the music being supplied by Miss Helen Simpson. Cake and ice-cream were served later and after another short time of dancing the party dispersed.

### VISITING TEAMS

The first interscholastic rugby team to visit Sarnia this fall was Woodstock and as the Assembly Hall could not be procured, the visiting team was entertained at a dance at the Knights of Columbus Hall. The other dance given for St. Thomas was, however, with the kind permission of the Board, put on in the assembly and the music was supplied by Miss Helen Simpson. The Sarnia boys each invited an extra girl and the numbers were thus evened up. Sandwiches, cake and coffee were served at these parties and it was only through necessity that they were dispersed at

eleven-thirty.

The Chatham girls' basketball team did not visit us this year, but the boys were here as in other years. After the game everyone went directly up-stairs and danced for the rest of the evening. Refreshments were served as usual, after which the crowd departed for home.

Among the parties given for the Champion Rugby Team 1920, was a dance in the Assembly Hall, planned and managed by the boys themselves. Although the numbers were few the party did not lag and refreshments were served at a late hour.

### THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The mystic password "Cabbages" became public property long before it was supposed to be put to use. What did it admit you to? Why to the "High Spooky Spook" Ball given by the 3C Class of the Commercials on the night of Friday, the 29th of October.

The hall, decorated in orange and black and autumn leaves, appropriate to Hallowe'en, was hardly recognizable as the barren old As-

sembly Hall. Printed programs, suitably decorated with the school's colours and crests, were supplied and the dancing began about 8.30. The crowd around the punch bowl testified to its deliciousness. During the course of the evening the inimitable "Davie" amused the dancers with an Irish jig. (Be it hereby understood that the punch complied with all the Prohibition Laws.) The dancing was inter-

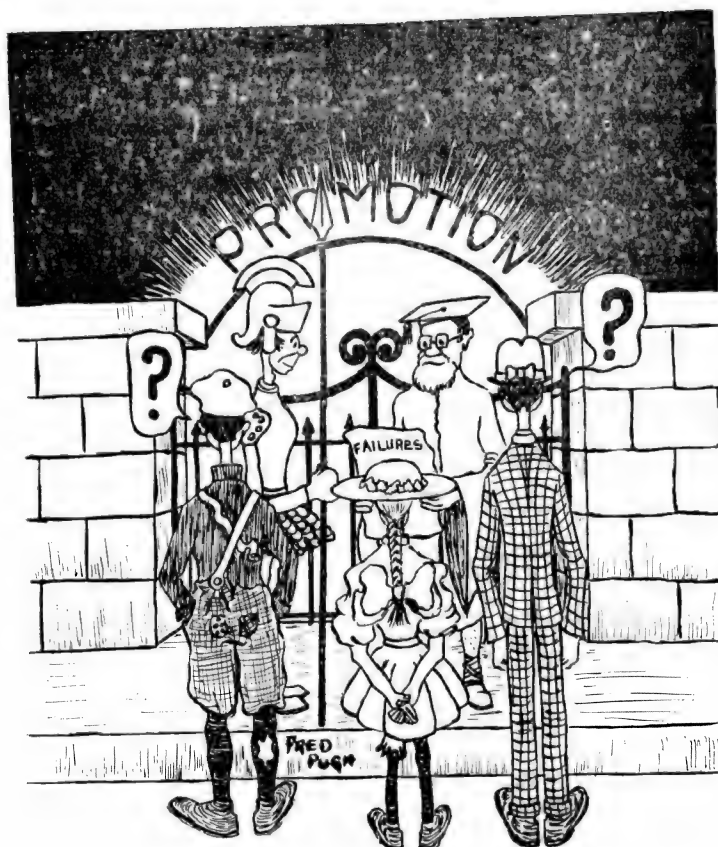
rupted about 11.30 when a "magnoleus" lunch was served. After this the programme was continued

until the witching hour warned all that they must bid farewell to the evening's revelry.

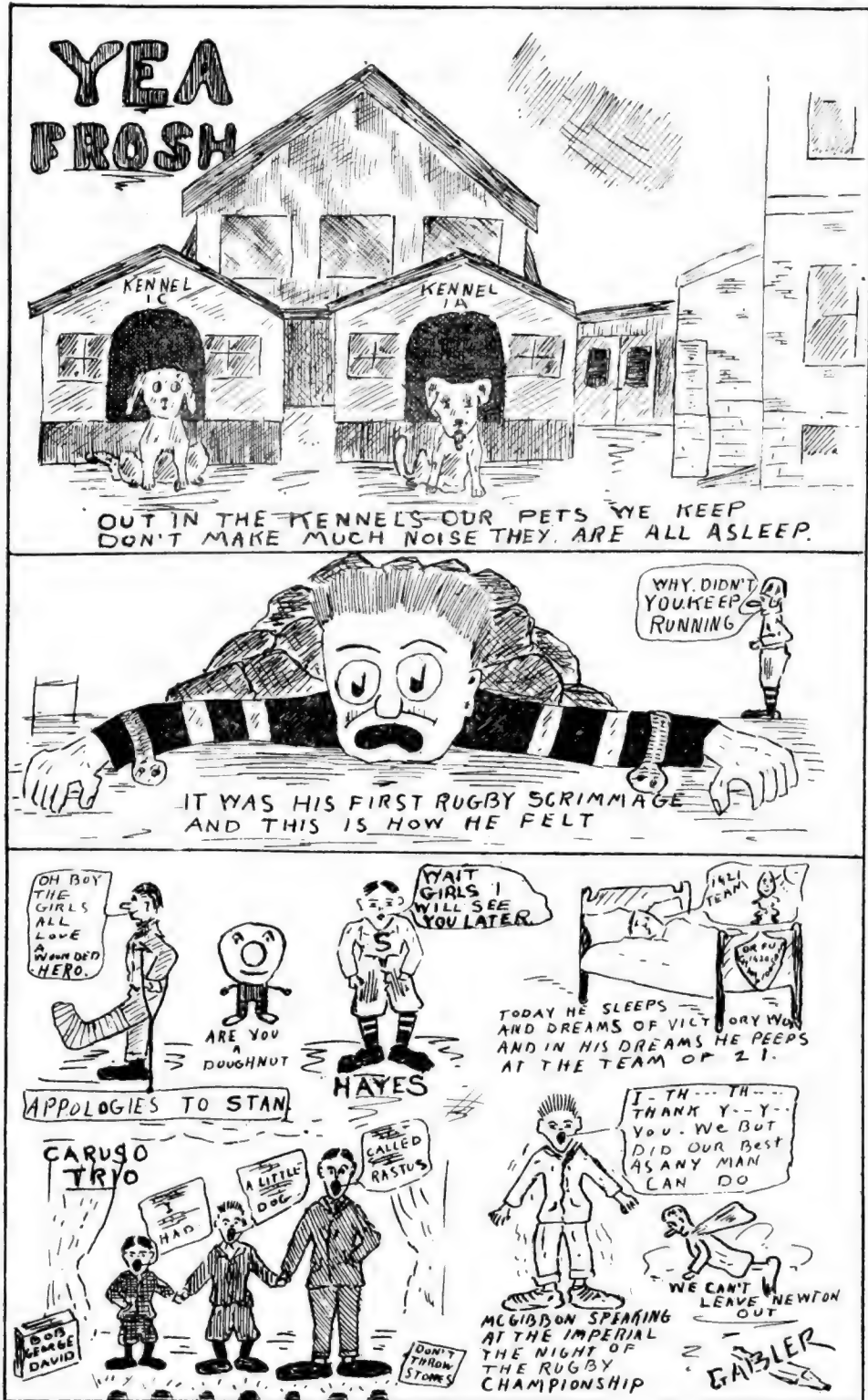
### THE PARTY OF THE FOURTH

On February 4th, the Commercialites again entertained, this time however, in the "Tea Kettle Inn." Appropriate invitations were issued to many of the boys of the Collegiate and a few outsiders. At the head of the stair you were greeted by one of the Commercial who told you where to go to lay off your wraps, after which you again met your partner, but this time in the Japanese tea-room. At the

door leading from the tea-room you were announced by the footman and, passing down the reception line, entered the dance-hall where programmes were given you. About 10.45 a delicious lunch was served, after which the dancing continued until 12. But every one was having such a good time that it was decided to continue with the programme for another hour. At one o'clock the guests reluctantly departed for home—or—elsewhere.



"WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE"





With a flourish of bugles and roll of drums the largest company of cadets on the school's records set out for the Athletic Field where they were to be inspected by Colonel McCrimmon and General Planet. They marched four abreast down London Road and up Christina Street to the field, preceding the inspectors, who came in on the afternoon train, late by a good half hour. Inspectors Colonel McCrimmon and General Panet were brought up from the station in Mr. Dent's car.

Platoon drill was the first order of the day, followed by extended order work and last of all physical drill. In the latter the perspiring cadets were allowed to take off their tunics which they did with alacrity. The band for the most part sat in the shade and watched their comrades sweat, but on the marches to and from the field they raised themselves sufficiently from their lethargy to play a few discords.

After physical drill the Inspectors gave speeches complimenting the squad on their smart turnout. Lieutenant Colonel McCrimmon also gave some hope for a summer camp for the boys but this plan failed. He then picked out the two best dressed cadets, one from the blue and white and one from the khaki clad group. Ernie Williams of the khaki and Charles Brown of the blue and white were the prize winners. This completed the day and the tired cadets marched back to school and were dismissed.

Owing to the size of the squad this season it was divided into four platoons where previously there were only two. At the head of each was a commissioned officer. The four platoons were sub-divided into two sections, each having a sergeant in charge.

One of the cadets' greatest problems was the lack of supplies. New consignments of rifles and uniforms were received but though there were sufficient numbers of rifles there were not enough khaki uniforms to go around. Two platoons and the band were accordingly dressed in blue and white. We also lacked caps and belts. These had been ordered for months but for some unknown reasons they were delayed and did not come till inspection day was long past.

### Bugle Band and Signalling Corps

This year's bugle band was highly successful. Several new recruits joined and by much hard work and practicing it showed itself a credit to the school.

The Signal Section was comprised as formerly of about sixteen members. Louis Galloway who held the position of Signalling Sergeant turned out a good squad of Signallers.

### Officers

The officers of the corps were appointed early in January, 1920. The Captain, Hardy Hill, left school this year. He had seen service in the navy as skipper during the war, and proved an able officer indeed. The commissioned officers who took charge of last year's corps were:—Captain A. S. Hardy Hill; 1st Lieutenant Keith Watson; 2nd Lieut. Carl Manore;

3rd Lieut. Stanley Teskey; 4th Lieut. Elgin Turnbull. Of these officers, Stanley Teskey alone is attending the school this term and he has been chosen captain for this year's corps.

### Church Parade

Inspection parade proved so successful that a Church Parade was proposed. A large number turned out and followed the band to the Central Methodist Church. There, seated in the front pews they heard a very interesting and instructive address by the Rev. Dr. Manning. At the close of the service they marched back to the Collegiate and were dismissed.



### THE R. R. R's.

The discipline and perfect organization of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute has during the past six months been seriously menaced. A reckless band of desperate men have organized a radical society, which is at the present time spreading Bolshevistic ideas among the students of our orderly school. These Ruthless Red Radicals, as they call themselves, have drawn up a "Declaration of the Rights of Students," a copy of which has, quite by accident, fallen into our hands. This document which is modelled after one famous in history, is a formal repudiation of the chief abuses of which students at present are victims. Behind each article, these Radicals say there is some crying evil of long standing against which the students wish to be forever protected.

The Declaration sets forth that:

(A)—"Students, not teachers, should govern the school."

(B)—"Law is the expression of general will. Every student has a right to participate personally in its formation. It must be the same for all."

(C)—"No student shall be disquieted on account of homework unprepared nor chewing gum enjoyed in the classroom."

(D)—"No student shall be reprimanded, detained after school hours, suspended, expelled, given impositions nor flogged except in the cases and according to the forms prescribed by their own laws."

(E)—"The free communication of ideas and opinions is one of the most sacred rights of man. Every student may, accordingly, talk aloud, whisper and pass notes with freedom, being responsible however, for such abuses of this freedom as shall be defined by their own laws."

(F)—"All students have a right to decide personally what subjects they shall take, the amount of homework they shall do, the duration of school hours, and the number of school days a week."

This document has been placed before the Faculty in the form of an ultimatum and they have been given but three days to accept it. Just what will happen if the Staff refuses to grant to the R. R. R's their demands it is hard to say, as the leaders differ in their views.

The leader of the band is Robespierre LeBel, a very narrow-minded man, whose intense love of liberty and tendency to lawlessness make him



a dangerous fanatic. He sanctions using terror if necessary, to force upon the Sarnia Collegiate Institute an ideal student government. Robespierre's chief assistant is the notorious Baldwin, whose name is well-known in connection with recent bombing outrages. His fiery oratory and passionate enthusiasm for "The Cause" have added large numbers to the R. R. R's. His war-cry is "Down with School Laws and the Authority of Teachers." Trotzky Teskey would mercilessly slaughter them all, "barbarous tyrants" as he calls them. Gorky Gordon is inclined to favour gentler methods but is very much under the influence of Baldwin. Nothing but the guillotine will satisfy Danton Newton. The barbaric Harkness strongly advocates burning the oppressors at the stake, but Lenine McGibbon spurns such crude methods, "A sword, a shield—a hand to hand fight," is his cry.

Slowly but surely this organization is spreading its Bolshevistic ideas throughout the whole school, fomenting discontent and disorder. The R. R. R's. must be vanquished! Who is the "Man of the Hour," who will rise from the ranks of common students, assume the leadership and save our ancient laws and customs from destruction? We must be rid of the Ruthless Red Radicals or the school will perish.

The S. C. I. expects every student to do his duty!

---

Miss Harris (to Margaret who has not been paying attention)—"You tell me what happened in 1066."

Margaret—"Please Miss Harris I was absent."

---

Donohue, in cellar dressing for rugby—"A certain man went down from Jerich to Jerusalem and fell among thieves."

Chorus—"Well what of it?"

Donohue—"I think this is the bunch."

---

Gang—"Donohue, go home and take off that sweater."

Donohue—"If I do I'll have to wash my neck."

---

Mike Fleming, looking at Matric. diplomas.

"Well! Well! why didn't they give me one of those when I was expelled?"

---

### BY THEIR SPEECH YE SHALL KNOW THEM

Ted Newton—"I'm through with the women."

Hazel Elnor—"I spent all night trying to get that question."

Grace Sharpe—"This Trig. is as clear as mud to me."

Alice Callum—"I don't know how to wink."

Dave Mackenzie—"I sure can sing."

John Bldwin—"I just LOVE to read French."

Cath LeBel—"Ted, you're a nuisance."

Floyd Gigax—"I always feel nervous mong a bunch of girls"

Miss Gordon—"It is suffocating in here."

Bessie Grace—"I always leave the school promptly at four o'clock."

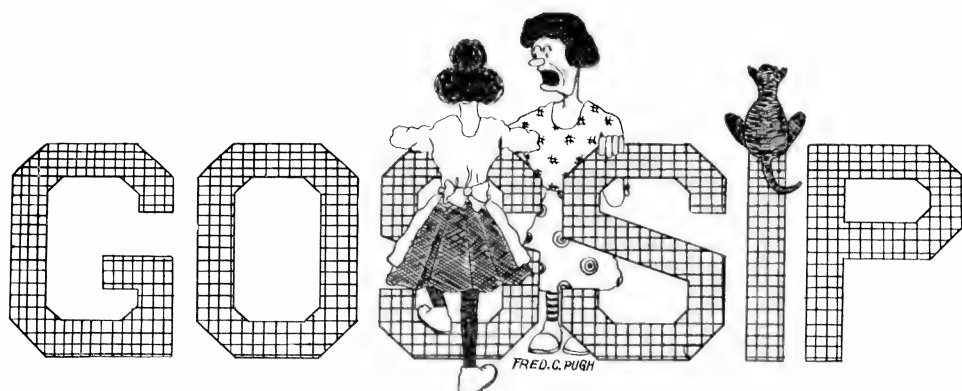
Miss Story—"I have just posted a notice which concerns your work for this month."

Miles Gordon—"I can't do this Physics question."

Nellie Fraser—"Say, my name is Helen."

Mr. Brown (Upper School Trigonometry Class)—"Take the whole exercise for the next lesson."





We wonder what tender thought inspired the look on Donohue's face in the rugby picture in the main hall.

\* \* \* \*

Poor Rector—man's man as he is, Elson Potts was a weight in his arms during the St. Thomas game in Sarnia.

\* \* \* \*

If any of those who are anxious to know why John Baldwin is not at school half the time, care to take a trip to Arkona they will find the reason there.

\* \* \* \*

Why do those performers at Lit. meetings persist in actually eating real food before the eyes of the tantalized audience?

\* \* \* \*

Speaking of "eats", where did those two cakes mysteriously disappear to from the Commercial Party in the Tea Kettle Inn?

\* \* \* \*

We have been up to watch the girls practice hockey. Their game must certainly be harder to play than boys.

\* \* \* \*

The Caruso Trio of 2A say they are ready to put on another Lit. Newton observe.

\* \* \* \*

That reminds us that Alice has never yet told us why she wouldn't take the critic's chair at that meeting last January.

\* \* \* \*

Here's a good one heard in the hockey rooms:

Prout, "Hey you fellows, don't scratch the paint off my trousers!"

Harry, may it be known, is a painter by trade.

\* \* \* \*

When talking about or referring to hockey, ask either Garvey or Hayes what they thought of the Prokos Inn at London. From their account it surely must be some place.

\* \* \* \*

Delmar Dupee says he's going to be next year's quarterback. That's the stuff, Dupe, they surely need more brain and brawn in the back field.

\* \* \* \*

We have never quite decided to our entire satisfaction just what shade of colour Grace Sharpe's hair really is.

\* \* \* \*

What's all the attraction? All the fellows in the school are now talking bush-ranging. We know none of them drink.

Her hair is like the golden wheat  
That ripples in the breeze,  
Curling over her ears so sweet—  
Little pink ears that please.

Her mouth is so entrancing  
Beneath her turned up nose,  
With wrinkles that go dancing.  
She's a dear little Irish rose!

But the little darling's greatest charm  
The one that makes me blink  
'Tis one that does my conscience harm  
Say how that kid can wink!

\* \* \* \*

Can anyone tell us who were the occupants of a McLaughlin six which was stalled in the ditch on the Cemetery road, one Sunday afternoon last February?

\* \* \* \*

We advise the Rugby Team to play no more matches in London. Pugh is altogether too popular there.

\* \* \* \*

We have nothing but praise for Tom Elliott. Any young lad who spends as long over his toilette as he does surely deserves credit.

\* \* \* \*

We know you've heard his skylark whistle under the classroom window about 9.30 every morning, but you should have heard Ham pathetically sing in the deserted school one Saturday morning, "Sweet Mamma, papa's geeting mad." It was truly heart-rending.

\* \* \* \*

Who is it in drill periods says, "Oh, this is the way we do it in the battery"?

\* \* \* \*

We wonder if it is because she gets so much fresh air walking back and forth to the Commercial Building that Lucy shows such a preference for closed cars at other times.

\* \* \* \*

Information is desired as to how long the Bostonian Club, formed among certain fair Commercialists, lasted. Answer: Helen let slip an "r" after the first two days and the Club broke up.

\* \* \* \*

Why does the Sport Editor affirm that the 1920 Middle One won the School Baseball Championship when the subject was thoroughly threshed or rather fought out after rugby practice one night and the 1920 Middle Two declared the winner?

\* \* \* \*

The only time Gabler has ever been seen with a sober look on his face, —when the magistrate pronounced \$2 and \$5 costs for disturbing the peace

\* \* \* \*

Wanted to know—Where did John disappear to whenever the team reached the vicinity of London.

\* \* \* \*

Richie sure has Sir Galahad beaten by a league. Ask any of the rugby team about his gallant performance leaving St. Thomas.

Speaking of partings, did anyone notice Freddie as the train pulled out of London after the last trip there last Fall?

\* \* \* \*

How can the editors of the "Collegiate" be expected to do serious work when syncopated strains from the S. C. I. Orchestra float down from the Assembly Hall?

\* \* \* \*

After all is said and done, there is really only one:  
Sarnia, Sarnia C. I. !

\* \* \* \*

### DARK AT BELL'S

"Say, Bill, you didn't know that I was an electrician?" boasted Jack Richardson, "I missed my calling."

Bill Donohue—"How's that?"

Jack—"Why, last night, over at Win's the electric light fuse burned out. Guess who fixed it? Me—I—myself."

"Huh"—a final shot from Bill,—"You're no electrician—you're an idiot."

### CHAMPS IN THEIR LINE

Gum Chewing—The greatest among a large number of rivals—Harold Camsell.

Popularity—Alice Callum is wonderfully popular especially when serving coffee and cake.

Fashion—George Barge leads 'em all, a human walking fashion plate and a credit to his father.

Vocal—Helen Saurwein has taken the title. She has found the secret. Takes 7 grains of canary seed night and morning.

Talking—Little Delmar Dupee, a cute little shaver, takes lesson from Farmer Burns for wrestling.

Bashfulness—Jean Conn, never known to look sideways.

Jazzing—Why Hibert Corey, was put off the floor at the beach regularly last summer.

Collecting—Theodore Newton is the best money extractor in the school. We claim he has no rivals.

Sleeping—Stanley Manore. We believe in a land of dreams.

Being late—George "Hambug" Hamilton, an amateur detective, his cheery whistle is heard every morning about 9.45.

Most Adored—Charlie "Chick" Garvie makes a practise of scoring in any game.

Literary—Spears brothers. Often has the lamp gone out through lack of some midnight oil.

Literature is easy  
History's very well  
Algebra's the limit,  
But Latin is-er- swell.

—Garvey

Mr. Dent suddenly—"Miss Crawford, how do you get electricity?"  
Unsuspecting victim—"Oh, er, that is—press the button."



# LITERATURE

## "AN' BLOOD'LL ALWAYS TELL"

The sun beat down mercilessly upon the little army making its way through the Central Indian hills, yet only one man of the vast company gave outward evidence of its punishing heat. Dr. John MacFarlane, just come out to combat the great plague was not used to India or her climate and did not try to conceal the fact. The officers of the regiment with which he was travelling glorified in his misery, for they had been "bally well fed up on his sissified ways," as the youngest subaltern put it. Tell them that he was a descendant of the chiefs of the most notorious clan of border thieves that ever went on foray and they would laugh at you. Yet it was true. The doctor's ancestors had been the fighting leaders of those border raiders, for whom the moon had been aptly called "MacFarlane's Lantern."

Steadily and quietly, the troops were marching on, when a trumpet sounded, commands rang out, and in a mad yet systematic scramble, the men spread out in extended formation. Then, like a whirlwind, a horde of tribesmen burst upon them. They were held up but they could not be flung off and a fierce fight ensued.

The doctor had acted as might have been expected of him. He sought the safest position and nervously looked upon the action. Gathering up some courage, he attempted to aid the wounded, but his shaking hands prevented him from being much use.

"I'd like to kick him," muttered the youngest subaltern, as he turned to give his last command.

The superior numbers of the na-

tives were telling. With practically every officer gone, the men began to give way and slowly the enemy were encircling the little hill upon which the most determined stand was being made. MacFarlane saw that unless the tribesmen were prevented from breaking through at the side of the hill the defenders would have no chance of holding out. And then the road to Klewhar would be open.

And they were breaking through. The first of the retreating troops ran past him. And then, in an instant, a new man awoke within the doctor. His blood beat madly as down through the ages came the call of the fighting race. He seized a native sword and with a wild cry that surprised even himself, dashed forward. He did not know that his cry had been in Gaelic, that it had been the old war-cry of his clan, the cry that his forefathers had thundered as they charged at Bothwell Brig and in many another fierce encounter. He grasped the native sword as the old MacFarlane Chiefs had grasped their claymores, while the wind sweeping through the leaves of the tall trees on the slopes seemed to play in his ears the pibroch of his ancestors, the wild "Lifting the Cattle," of border raiders.

Through a stretch of swampy ground he dashed and, ascending a slope, reached the enemy. Into them he charged and fought his way through the midst of their ranks. The dead lay thick around him. The tribesmen began to falter. He was brought to his knees but still crawled on, still laying about him with his sword. With new heart the troops followed him and

though at last he fell, they still pressed on until the natives were beaten back.

Thus was the road to Klewhar saved and the memory of the hero of that fight is still honoured in the tale of many an old soldier. Those with a touch of a philosopher in them end their story something like this, "Yes, a white man's a white man an' blood'll always tell."

Out on the lonely road to Klewhar lies a soldier's grave, over which every night MacFarlane's

Lantern sheds its wavering light, while the breezes, stealing through the leaves of the tall trees on the slopes whisper a mournful refrain, as though in the distance pipers were playing that old Scottish lament.

"—the flowers of the forest  
Are a' wede away."

—T.M.G., Upper School.

(This story is the winner of the medal in the "Collegiate" Short Story Competition.)

### THE WRECK.

I saw her coming down the stream;  
The day was clear and bright  
And flags were floating from her masts;  
She was a wondrous sight!  
The whistles blew, loud cheered the throng,  
As gracefully she moved along,

With shining hull and decks all white,  
And stacks of reddish hue,  
How proudly rode the conqueror  
Of all the ocean blue!

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw her lying on the rocks;  
The sky was dark as night;  
With tattered flags and broken masts  
She was a woeful sight!  
Thro' screaming wind and waves' deep roar  
Came smothered cries to those on shore.

With ragged hull and bended plates,  
Stack sloping to the lee,  
She lies there now, with empty decks,  
A plaything of the sea.

—L. Bruce Carruthers, Form 4.

(This poem is the winner of the medal in the "Collegiate" Poetry Competition.)

### TRUE FREEDOM

Pick up any newspaper, however large or small, and what is its representations of World-Wide conditions? Does it picture the nations of the world enjoying such Peace and Prosperity as have never been previously experienced? Is there such a spirit of peace and good will as some fondly hoped would follow the Great War? Rather do we find that though interna-

tional strife has practically ceased, all nations are fighting a stern battle with a foe well inside their borders. The chief cause of this domestic strife is that all classes in every nation are seeking to obtain as large a measure of freedom as possible.

But what interest have we in the question of freedom? As part of the British Empire, Canada enjoys the

full advantage of a free constitution, of a democracy, though part of a monarchy. This great heritage of freedom has been given to us by our forefathers. So long as the memory of their struggle lives in the British mind, so long as their spirit lives in the British heart, never shall a tyrant destroy our great heritage of government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

But even this great constitutional freedom has been found to be inadequate to meet the demands of present conditions. In all countries different classes and parties are struggling for more and more power. Against what oppression are these classes rebelling? It is not against the individual, who through the support of an army is forcing a nation to follow his laws. It is not against a force controlled by constitutional laws but the struggle is against a force created by social conditions.

Different classes or parties, or unions are struggling against each other for more wealth, more power and more freedom. The key to success in this struggle seems to be the acquisition of wealth. With this as a goal, the value of material things has been given an unusually high estimation and the development of a materialistic spirit is a direct result. This struggle has not as yet given any solution for the question of national freedom. These antagonistic factions not only are oppressing each other but are also oppressing smaller factions which are not yet strong enough to play a part in their struggle.

One of these classes is to be found in urban centres where poorer people are crowded into very small areas where many of the social laws developed by our modern civilization are forgotten. So long as parties are struggling for material wealth and power, so long will these people be deprived of any improvement in their surroundings, of any opportunity for educa-

tion. Then in the outlying rural districts whose people are overlooked as frequently as those of the slums, the lack of opportunity for development is quite as serious as it is in the slums. Are we truly a free country when these people are oppressed by conditions caused, in a great measure, by other classes?

Moreover, not only has the spirit of materialism deprived some of our citizens of all opportunity for development and left them to the anarchist that he may convert them into powder to destroy civilization, but it also cramps the development of those who have some opportunities. At the insistent demands of a materialistic age men's minds have become expert thinking machines, their hands skilled in managing machinery. In this way individuality is being suppressed and originality is being discouraged, to satisfy one of the chief demands of the age, the cry for efficiency. Such was the key to German industrialism. We have just emerged from a great conflict against a direct result of the extreme development of such a spirit. Shall we now foster such a spirit in our own nation? While the efficient development of material things is the chief influence which is guiding the growth of our nation while this remains the dominating feature in the minds of the people, never will we solve the question of true national freedom.

The chief strength of the classes who have been struggling for power and freedom depends in a great measure on the individual members. So the strength or development of a nation depends on the strength or development of its citizens. Just as the industrial progress of the nation has depended on the individual efficiency, so the development of the freedom of a nation depends on the freedom of the individual. When every citizen has ample opportunities for self-development along whatever lines he may desire, then will they

be free from the social conditions which now hinder their development and consequently the progress of the nation. By such a development will the individual learn more of those around him and be more apt to realize their rights. Through such an opportunity will every citizen be more apt to gain the spirit of true freedom, which needs no check since it does not

wish to encroach upon the rights of others. When this spirit begins to develop among our citizens then and only then, may we hope to develop our country into a truly free nation.

—Grace Sharpe, Upper School

(This essay is the winner of the medal in the Collegiate Essay Competition.)

### ROBERT INTERVENES

It was still dark as Patrick O'Mara made his way from his little cottage home to the railroad station a few rods distant. The air was warm and laden with the odour of roses. No sound save O'Mara's footsteps—not even the chirp of a cricket—broke the silence. The earth was enjoying that magic hour — lull before dawn. O'Mara paused a moment at the station door as if unwilling to break the spell by "lighting up." Never was there a man more perfectly satisfied with himself and the world in general. And why not? Only yesterday had he been made permanent station agent of that little New Brunswick village. To Patrick O'Mara with his wife and five kiddies this was indeed, a great happening. Small wonder then, as he went to his work that beautiful June morning of nineteen hundred and sixteen, that his heart was gayer and his steps were lighter than for many a day.

The early morning express rolled into the station. One passenger alighted, the mail bag was thrown on board, and the train began to pull out. Suddenly, a head was thrust out of one of the windows.

"Hey, there! Are you O'Mara, the station agen?"

"Oi, that Oi am," replied O'Mara, his breast puffing out unconsciously.

"Well, here, send this letter down to Ackerman at the bridge, by the next train. It's from the superintendent and very important."

"All right," said O'Mara and took the letter. At the time he thought it strange, as he had never before received a message from the superintendent in this manner. However, he pocketed the missive and returned to his duties.

When he again emerged from the station, the sun was up. Down the one street of the village the men were hurrying to work, O'Mara, after greeting his friends, walked to his little home. Here, Nora and the kiddies were waiting for him with smiles and kisses. They were about to sit down to the table when Pat exclaimed:

"By the way, Nora, Oi have a letter here to send down to Ackerman by the avenin' train. Oi'll just be puttin' it here so them young rascals won't be meddlin' with it," and, as he tossed the letter into the drawer of a large cupboard, he looked at the five little heads around the table.

"Yes and you better lock it. Oi'll be runnin' over to see Joneses' new baby this afternoon and you never know what they'll be up to nixt," replied Nora, her loving look contradicting the accusing words. Then she locked the drawer and put the key into a cup.

The kiddies, knowing well their kind parents, broke into hearty laughter and the little cottage was filled with merriment. This was at ten minutes to seven in the morning. At ten minutes to seven in the evening a very anxious Pat rushed into the little cottage.

"Nora, Oi most forgot that letter and the train'll be here in foive minutes."

"Well, now, Pat, you needn't be gettin' into such a stew. It doesn't take foive minutes to unlock the drawer," returned Nora.

As she talked she was hurrying to the cupboard, Pat close on her heels. To their astonishment the key was gone. Then began the wild search, which for many weeks lingered in the minds of both. The children were questioned but to no avail. In their excitement they did not notice the absence of Robert, their seven-year-old son.

"From the superintendent, and very important, too," groaned Pat.

"Do you think you'll lose your——?" Here the shrill whistle of the approaching train broke in on Nora's words. Pat started for the door calling back.

"There's another train goin' through at midnight,—a train of soldiers. Maybe it will not be too late, thin. Oi'll be back soon."

In less than an hour Pat was back at the cottage. It was soon evident that the key was really lost, so Pat went at the drawer. Nora sat by ready to offer her services if needed. About ten o'clock Pat stopped, wiped his brow, and drew the letter from the shattered drawer. He carried it to the light where, for the first time he examined it carefully.

"This isn't the superintendent's writin' if Patrick O'Mara knows anythin' about it—hm!—I wonder!—Say, Nora, do you think it would be wrong to open it and see if there is anythin' rale important?" Pat felt ashamed after he said it. He had never done a dishonourable thing in his life.

"Indade, I think you should open it, Pat."

Accordingly the letter was steamed open. As Pat carried it back to the table a small white piece of paper fell out. On it was a short note in a foreign language. To the surprised Nora and Pat the

note was unreadable.

"Huh!—first time Oi knew the superintindint was given to writin' his employees in a foreign spache. Oi think Nra, O'll just be runnin' over to see the schoolmaster about this. Oi might not be back for some time." So saying he took up his hat and started for the door.

It was a very excited Irishman that woke the sheriff at a quarter to eleven that night, and it was a greatly astonished sheriff that was hustled into an auto and driven away with four other men. Patrick O'Mara, lantern in hand, paced the little platform in front of the station. At last a faint light appeared in the west. Pat watched it as it neared the station, and then, raising his lantern over his head, signalled the troop train to stop. The engineer stuck his head out of the window.

"Hey, what do you want? Don't you know we're late now?"

"That might be thrue, mate, but you'd be later than iver only for me," with that he climbed aboard and away they went.

"Now, mate, I want yez to stop two miles this side o' the bridge."

"Well what on ——?"

"Niver moind now, you'll foind out when you get there."

The bridge, it might be said, was an ordinary swing bridge over a small, though swift river about ten miles from the little village. This bridge, Bill Ackerman operated from a little shanty on the shore, opening and closing it for the convenience of trains and vessels.

That magic hour had come again—lull before dawn. Somewhere between Ackerman's shanty and the village, Patrick O'Mara was speeding back to work. In the little cottage a seven-year-old lad was tossing from side to side of his bed. At last he could stand it no longer. Creeping silently from his bed, so as not to disturb his brothers, he went to his parents' room. Mrs. O'Mara was awake and instantly had her sobbing son in her



arms.

"What is it, acushla? Come out to the fire and we'll say about it thin."

"Yes, that we will. Phwat is it, Robert, me bhoy?" asked Patrick O'Mara, opening the door.

"Are yez back, Pat? Oim so glad. Did yez take the—"

"Wait, now Nora, one at a toime plaze. Here, now, rade this that the schoolmaster thranslated for me, and Robert will tell me phwat the throuble is."

"Oh, Daddy —Oi—dropped the key in—the—w-we-well—and—"

"There, there, acushla that's all roight now."

"Why, phwat does it mane Pat?" broke in Nora.

She held a piece of paper in her hand. On it was:

"It is coming to-night, Bill, at

twelve o'clock. You know your part. I'll do the rest. Open the bridge at a quarter to the hour. I'll be waiting for you on the shore with my yacht. For the Fatherland.

—Max."

"It manes," began Pat, "If this bhoy of ours had not lost the key, those brave soldiers who passed at midnight would now be in the bottom of the river. We caught the bastes, though, both of thim. It manes too, Oi still have me job and a sum from the Givernment for capturin' two German spies."

"Oi always said Robert here took afther his fayther for cleverness. But now Pat, you must have a bite to ate. You must be hungry roid-in' aroun' the counthry afther German spies."

—Frances Dier, Form 3B

### THE OAK

It stands there solitary, wind-tossed, bare,  
A giant oak, whose former fame was spread  
O'er sea and land; in bygone days a dare  
For fisher's lad to scale its trunk, 'twas said;  
A land-mark for the weary fisherman  
To reach the port beneath the towering wood;  
Against the crags below no shallop ran,  
For there above, the oak majestic stood,  
The port is gone—the oak still lingers on,  
And watches with a calm indifferent eye,  
That vast blue sea of angry waters toss—  
No fisher's lives on it do now rely  
O glorious Oak! O thou, who hast been great  
Art now like some men, aged and alone.

—A. Callum, Upper School.

### EVERYGIRL

(After "Everywoman")

"And just as the Prince had given up all hope, a throng of fairies appeared bringing with them the Princess in a silver coach drawn by four white ponies."

Just at this moment, Everygirl felt a light touch on her shoulder and, glancing up, she discovered a beautiful maiden dressed in a soft, floating gown of many delicate colours. Her golden curls were held only by a single band of pears and

in her hand a wand gleamed like a silver moonbeam.

"I am Fancy," said the fairy, "And I have come to take you to Fairyland, my dear. Before you go, however, it is necessary that you have complete belief in the fairies, so I shall summon Faith to accompany us, and together we shall journey to the "Land of the Imagination," where I am queen."

At these words she waved her

wand and Faith, clear-eyed and majestic, suddenly appeared, clad in pure white. Everygirl clapped her hands in glee, stretched them forth towards her two companions and, as she felt their hands close over hers, all the material world fell away from her and she found herself in a huge, airy bubble, being drifted on and on towards Fairyland.

Farther and farther they went until suddenly the wind drifted them over a high wall and deposited them on the Big Tree in the very centre of Fairyland where all fairies keep their bubbles. Everygirl was just in time to see Dusk lulling Tinker Bell or Sunshine to rest, and as the little sprite closed her sparkling eyes the last gleam of sunshine faded from the forest. Here, indeed, was the land of the Imagination, and soon myriads of Japanese lanterns, lighted by the fireflies, peeped from behind the huge trees throwing a soft, warm glow over the entire scene. Led by Fancy and Faith, Everygirl now went on through the forest. Soon she recognized many of her friends. Here was Curlylocks gaily playing with the Three Bears, Sleeping Beauty and the fairy-tale Prince, Cinderella dressed for the ball, the large, fierce ogre — all these and many others were there to welcome the little visitor to the Land of Fancy. But now she came to the greatest person in the forest—Santa Claus. With a cry she ran to him and eagerly watched his numerous elves working at the toys. But Fancy and Faith drew her away from this enticing scene and they wandered on till the Goddess of Night drew near. Then her two companions put Everygirl into the protecting arms of Slumber, who lulled her to sleep and carried her away to Dreamland.

However, with the coming of Dawn, Tinker Bell opened her eyes and began to dance again and Everygirl was put once more in charge of Fancy. For a time, she was

content but soon she said:

"Fancy, where is Happiness? May I not go to her now?"

Then Fancy told her a long story,

"We, the people of the Land of Imagination, have a great many enemies and these bad fairies, or witches as we may call them, prevent us from gaining complete happiness. These witches are always creeping near to whisper unpleasant things in one's ear, but if you are able to keep Faith and Fancy always by your side, you will be safe, and happiness will be yours."

Just then there was a loud clap of thunder and as the last sounds died away, a dark host of spirits appeared and slowly crept towards Everygirl. Fancy and Faith tried every means of escape but all to no avail. The evil spirits slowly came nearer. Foremost among them was a tall, listless figure dressed in dark gray whose large sunken eyes were completely void of expression. Stepping forward, this figure addressed Everygirl.

"Child, I am Disillusionment. I have come to take Faith and Fancy away from you. At my command there are many helpers who will aid me if you resist."

Everygirl clasped her companions' hands even more tightly and glanced fearfully around. There she saw many of her school companions, shaking their heads wisely and saying,

"Santa Claus belongs to Fancy, and when you lose her, then Santa Claus must go too. Do not listen to Fancy but come with us and gain Knowledge. You have been told falsehoods about the fairies, and it is not right that you should let Faith and Fancy deceive you. So come with us, Everygirl."

There too, was Sarcasm with sly, half-closed eyes and hideous sneering expressions on his face. As this spirit drew near, great fear crept over Everygirl, for his taunts caused both Faith and Fancy to shrink back. Then, out of the darkness, came another figure,

wholly clothed in drab who fastened her shifting, uncertain gaze on Everygirl. As she drew near, the evil spirits made a last attempt to capture Faith and succeeded. Vainly Everygirl called on Fancy to help her and groped about in the darkness in hopes of finding Faith's hand. All efforts were useless, however, and soon she heard the figure in drab speaking,

"I am Doubt, Everygirl, and I have come at the bidding of Disillusionment to take Faith away from you. Fancy cannot much longer stay so prepare yourself for the separation."

With these words, Doubt turned and taking Everygirl's hand, beckoned to Disillusionment.

"She is now ready to take your hand," she said. In the struggle that followed, Everygirl tried vainly to retain her hold on Fancy but with no success, and it was just with one last frantic attempt that she succeeded in grasping a single pearl from Fancy's bright hair.

On and on through the darkness, Disillusionment and Doubt led her and finally thrust her into a deep, dark dungeon, where there was not a single ray of light. With great fear, she felt someone's cold fingers clasp her hand, and, turning around, she beheld a figure entirely clothed in black. Then a voice said,

"Everygirl, you have now fallen into my power and while here, Happiness and Faith are barred to you. I am Despair."

For many days, Everygirl wandered about the dungeon, slowly falling more and more under the spell of Despair. But one day she

happened to look at the one brilliant pearl which she had taken from Fancy and which, though she scarcely knew why, she had still retained. As she sat gazing at it, a ray of light seemed to enter the dungeon and a fairy stood before her.

"I am Hope", said the sprite, "and I have come to help you as far as I am able. Since the hour of your imprisonment I have been cagerly awaiting this invitation which you gave me the instant you glanced at Fancy's pearl. Dear Everygirl, you have many friends who are waiting to aid you, if you will only turn to them and Love has already planned your escape."

With these words she called Love, whose kindly face and clear eyes soon completely won Everygirl. Then by means of a ladder made by Love, they escaped from the dungeon of Despair and at the same time from the hosts of evil spirits governed by Disillusionment.

She was now taken to another land where Knowledge, majestic and learned, Hope and Love accompanied her as companions. Here also were Sincerity and Unselfishness, intimate companions, who were always looking about to help those in need. While in this peaceful land, Everygirl came to regard Self-Sacrifice as her dearest friend and through this friend she was able at last to regain Faith. Together they made their way to the throne of Happiness, and here, perfectly content, they gazed at the single lustrous pearl which shone like a star in Everygirl's hand.

— Bernice Knowles, Form IV

### A DARK SECRET

"Heah, you dahk cloud oh misery, gat obah heah!" shouted aunt Liza from the back door of her tumble-down shack to an old negro, who was reclining on a pile of straw at the farthest end of the back garden.

He jumped quickly from his favorite nook and advanced towards the back door, keeping one eye on the rough and irregular path before him, and the other on the rolling pin in his wife's brandished hand. When still some distance from the woman, he prudently

halted, and placed himself in a position to dodge the rolling pin, should it happen to come his way.

"Niggah, ah'se gwine ter make some social calls dis night, and ah wants you ter watch dose chilluns, see?"

"Yes, mum, Ah has a comprehension ob youh meaning," he replied meekly, still keeping his distance.

"Well, yo am ta staht right, now. Gat in heah!"

She moved from the step towards Sambo, who, making a sweeping circle, dodged through the open door and just missed the flying rolling pin. She followed him in, and with some parting orders, to which Sambo paid little heed, she sallied forth into the starry evening.

Sambo sighed, "Dis shuah am Heben!"

Immediatel from behind the doors and from under the beds, tumbled out a group of the dark sons of Ham, ranging in size like the steps of a modern two-storied bungalow.

"You shuah am right!" they shouted in chorus, and they began to dance around the small room making the old shack vibrate with their yells. At last, tired out they flung themselves down before Sambo and demanded a story.

Sambo drew his old clay pipe from his pocket, filled it with tobacco, lit it, and puffed away contentedly. The children watched the smoke curl from his pipe and eddy from the corner of his mouth. Finally, they became impatient, and again asked for a story.

Sambo jumped, "What you pussons t'ink you all doin'. Ah was jus' habin' a silent remnance of de pas'. Ah was t'inkin' ob de

tahm when ah was young. You see, in dem days, de men was bery cross, now it am de wimmen. Well, as ah was sayin', my boss was bery cross an' he made me dance ebery day.

"One day Rastus Samson,—he's ma frien'—says to me, 'Niggah, you lahk wahtamelyon?' "

"Ah shuah does!" ah says.

"'You lahk chicken?' "

"Ah does," ah says.

"'Niggah, what you gib fo' a chicken and a wahta melyon?' "

"What you want?" ah says.

"'Oh, dat ring wid de glass settin' "

"All right, ah says, 'whar' am de chicken an' de wahtamelyon? "

"'Wal' you see' says he, 'de patch' —heah you chile, leab dat cat's tail alone, doan you know no bettah dan dat? Now you done interrup' mah story. Wal, as ah was sayin', or as he was sayin', de patch am a long way off, along de railroad.' De boss he was goin' away the nex' day, so me and Rastus, we was tu catch a train nex' nornin' bery early at fo' o'clock, when it was comin' up de grade, an' when we come to de patch we was tu slide off. So me an' Rastus we's awful tired dat night an' we goes to bed bery early."

Sambo stopped and sighed. He drew his pipe from his mouth and with his elbows on his knees, he rested his chin in his hands and stared through the open door into the darkness.

"And what happened den?" asked one of the children at last.

Again Sambo sighed. He raised his head and replaced the pipe in his mouth.

"Ah was jus' too late, honey, Ah done missed dat train! "

—Alvin Lucas, Form IV.

### THE MONK OF HIGH IDEALS

... Once in every man's life, if not oftener, there comes a time when a decision must be made which will direct the course of the remaining years of his existence. Shakes-

peare aptly says:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood,  
leads on to fortune."

And so, my tide flowed in one year-end. But which ship should I choose for my voyage of life?

\* \* \* \* \*

After I had received my degree in Arts and had completed my training on the continent, I lectured for two years as a Junior Professor of Philosophy at Toronto University. And then just before Christmas of this year had come the offer of a professorship at McGill, with a liberal salary and wonderful opportunities for advancement.

Two days before New Years Day, I received a letter from an old college chum in Nigeria. I copy the following passage from it.

"Old man, there is a life work here for you, if you will only come. The crying need in this country is for someone to organize and look after schools. The white population is partially very ignorant and the natives are totally so. Won't you give up your thoughts of an easy existence at home and come out here to aid the cause? You would perhaps be able to obtain only a subsistence, but think of the inestimable good you could do in this country,— think of the satisfaction you would have in knowing that you were doing such a wonderful work for humanity."

High tide was at hand. My acceptance or refusal of the McGill offer had to be in the hands of the McGill directorate before the close of New Year's Day. What should I do? Forsake the chance of a brilliant career to bury myself in a far-off land? I spent a sleepless night in an attempt to reach a decision.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once every year on New Year's Eve the Graduating Classes of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute of the year in which I graduated met for a reunion. Each year, we held it in the old Collegiate Assembly Hall so dear to our memories, and in-

vited only a few special guests.

I made my way to the old school still worried in mind. I did not wish to appear tired and troubled before my former schoolmates, but the strain on my mind, coupled with the loss of sleep worried me so greatly that I could not join heartily in the festivities. After a few dances, I wandered over to one of the curtained alcoves and slipped unnoticed into a chair.

With my head cupped in my hands, I gazed fixedly at the opposite wall where some former Canadian political leaders, a white-gowned monk and an Elizabethan courtier looked down on me. My decision must be made that night. Was it necessary that I should give up all dreams of personal success? Was it necessary that I sacrifice my own wonderful hopes for the future to benefit some ignorant people in a foreign land? I tried to consider every possible phase of the question.

Then, gradually, the lights began to grow dim. I seemed to be slipping, slipping—. The music became softer and softer until at last I recognized the croon of a southern melody. I was beneath palm trees under a tropic moon, with sweet strains from native instruments caressing my ear. But the scene soon was gone. Then, I was in my cap and gown in a vast auditorium, while row upon row of faces, stretching as far as I could see, stared expectantly into my face. Again I was on the football fields of Varsity, amid the cheers of thousands, desperately crawling, struggling, fighting for yards, with a ball under my arm. And then, I was back in the halls of the Old Collegiate, but all was dark.

Suddenly, a figure in a flowing white gown approached me. When I saw the ghostly robes, the cowl and the solemn face, I recognized the monk of the picture. I was about to cry out in fear and astonishment when he raised his hand.

"Hush!" he said, "Do not speak!"

For, if you utter but one word, I must vanish. I can read the inmost workings of your mind and know what you wish to say before your lips can frame the words. You wish to know who I am. I am a monk of the great Order of High Ideals. My brothers are legion, but alas, how greatly disregarded." And his breast heaved with a great sigh.

"To-night, I shall reveal to you the sights, which as yet no other mortal has seen. This great privilege is given to you, only because of the responsibility which rests on you at this time. But, first listen to what I have to say."

"I am a member of a great and vast order—one of the greatest orders for good in this mortal world, I have seen generations come and go. Decades, centuries, ages have flown by and still we work for the elevation of mankind. At the dead of night, I have regularly scattered my germs of High Ideals, but, how many, ah, how many have fallen on barren soil,—how many minds have been so crowded with the short-lived hot-house flowers of pleasure, that no room was left to rear the germs of lasting soul happiness. For years I have laboured with sturdy youths and laughing maidens; I have witnessed the stuttering attempts of would-be orators, the care-free joy of boy and maid, the exercise of healthy youth, triumphs, both literary and athletic, but, of what avail are these, if that which I am trying to instil into their minds and soul be not present? Why do they not realize that I influence their destiny; that these triumphs would not be possible without my assistance? But enough! You shall come with me to the land of Realization."

At this, the monk passed his hand over my eyes and all became dark. Then, I felt myself being lifted through space. After a few minutes, the sensation ceased and I knew that my feet were resting

on something solid. I heard the rustle of garments before me and then my eyes blinked at a sudden light.

The monk and I were stading at the edge of a steep cliff. Below, a land, far more beautiful than any I had ever seen or imagined, stretched into the distance. The verdant green of a fertile country was interspersed with ribbon-like streams and rolling hills, with sparkling crystal lakes and vast-domed cities. The fragrance that rolled up to us was like the delicate scent of frankincense and myrrh.

"Behold the school, where the manhood and womanhood of this wonderful nation are trained," said the monk.

And I looked and saw a vast, magnificent building beneath us. The walls shone like beaten gold, and its many towers pointed high into the blue of the sky. The windows flashed like huge diamonds in a setting of gold. At my side, the monk again began to speak.

"This wonderful structure was a work of love. For the Great Architect dreamed a wondrous dream, and planned with a mind inspired with love. And the builder worked with unceasing industry and care while the nation watched with glowing eyes. Here, the teachers are the living examples of self-sacrifice, with no thought but for the future of those entrusted to their care. Here there is no need for our Order to labour for the minds of youth are imbued with High Ideals alone. Self-sacrifice for the betterment of others is the dominant trait. Nor is one base or common thought allowed to penetrate the spotless sanctity of each youthful mind. But, listen, that you may hear their wondrous chant in praise of High Ideals."

And I listened. And, seemingly from far away came the sound of an infinitely sweet melody,—sweet as if from numberless bird voices,

yet soft as the whispering breeze of a summer night. Soon, as I listened entranced, the strain began to grow louder. More voices seemed to take up the air. Runs and variations were introduced into the melody. The bird-like voices rose to flute-like notes. Deeper voices joined in, like the steady roar of the salt sea surf. Louder and louder grew the strain until it seemed as if thousands of voices were blending in perfect harmony. Finally in an exalted burst the melody rose, rose and fell like the throbbing notes of a magnificent pipe organ to a grand prolonged conclusion.

Such a mighty paean majestic and awe-inspiring, rising from thousands of voices to the azure sky had never been heard by mortal man before, and I turned with an exclamation of rapturous wonder to the white-gowned monk. Immediately the mellow light vanished and I seemed to be in utter dark-

ness. I stretched forth my hands but encountered nothing. And then, a moonbeam, lighting up a picture on a wall opposite to me showed me the calm, impassive stare of the monk.

The guests had gone from the hall and I arose, and hurried through the darkened building to the clear, cold night. Innumerable stars were twinkling in the frosty sky and a silvery moon flooded the whitened earth with radiance.

As I emerged the bells began to toll the old year out and the new year in and in my heart with their cheery song, they rang in the dawn of a new life, the dawn of a new happiness—an "inward happiness," that comes from a resolve well-made, and the prospect of a life of service. I had taken my tide at the flood and now was sailing the fortune of a contented soul.

The End.

—By G. W., Senior.

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### ROSES

A bright leafy bower  
And a rose-bud red!  
But the maid heeded not,  
Did not e'en turn her head.

A gray, despondent world  
And roses hard to find;  
And the maid saw what life was  
Being now no longer blind.

Back to her leafy bower  
To seek a rose-bud red;  
But alas! the roses lay there,  
Faded, withered, and dead.

—Jean B. Conn, Form IV.

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### THE DEATH TRAP

The cellar steps creaked and groaned dismally. The man descending them paused and peered uncertainly over his shoulder, as if seeking courage from the patch of light which showed at the head of the steps, where the open trap-door balanced precariously.

Then he continued his stealthy progress down the steps into the gloom of the cellar. Soon he discerned a narrow passage, scarcely distinguishable, in the dim light that struggled through two dirty grey windows at one end of the basement. On either side of the passage were piled barrels, casks



and huge boxes, containing goods of every description, worth thousands of dollars. He advanced cautiously along this aisle, left hand extended, touching lightly the side of the passage.

In his right hand he carried gingerly and with some apprehension, a peculiar contrivance consisting of wires, levers and springs. As he thought of the agony and death it must inevitably cause, he could not repress a shudder, for in spite of this mission, imposed on him by an inexorable Fate, he was a kindly hearted man and under happier conditions would have shrunk from inflicting suffering upon anything. But steeled by the thought that what he was doing was in the interest of the people, and by the realization that it is sometimes necessary to cause suffering before a better condition may be brought about, he went resolutely forward.

The farther he penetrated into the passage, the dimmer it became, until finally, he could scarcely distinguish the objects about him. It was with a feeling of relief that he finally reached the end of the aisle and entered a small room. He groped along the wall until he found a rusty gas jet. By its wav-

ering light he inspected the room. A hasty examination was enough to convince him that here was the place where the machine would be most effective.

It was certainly an uninviting place. The concrete walls were covered with a moist, greyish-coloured mould. The floor was heavily carpeted with a deposit of dust. Heaped gruesomely in one corner of the room lay a few bones, some tattered pieces of clothing, and a worn pair of shoes. His glance fell upon a circular hole at the foot of the opposite wall. Near it was a small pile of shavings.

Stooping over, he was about to set the machine on the floor but even as he did so a mournful gurgle sounded from behind the partition beside him. Involuntarily the man started and nearly dropped the machine, an act which had it happened, would have been ruinous to his plans. Then he realized that the sound was produced only by water running down the pipe in the next room. He again bent over, and this time the merchant succeeded in properly placing the rat-trap and with a sigh of relief, went back up stairs.

—Hibbert Corey. Form 3A

### FLOTSAM

Olga Stepanovitch regretted the moment in which she had offered to take care of the two O'Leary boys. They were very noisy and quarrelsome. It was very cold in the room which comprised the O'Leary apartments and Mrs. O'Leary was late which meant that Olga would be delayed for her own work. But Mrs. O'Leary was Olga's only friend in Toronto and, since her own small room was almost directly across the hall, she often took care of the O'Leary children in their mother's absence. Not often however, had she found it the inconvenience it was to-day. An hour had passed. At every footstep on the rickety stairs without,

she opened the door and impatiently peered into the dark shadows which filled the passage, then, shivering and disappointed, she would slam the door shut and huddle closer to the badly neglected stove. Fifteen minutes more ticked slowly by, but seconds seemed like minutes, and minutes like hours to Olga, who was now pacing up and down the narrow room, becoming more exasperated every minute.

Finally Mrs. O'Leary arrived, fully an hour and a half late, and would have detained Olga another hour with apologies and explanations for her tardiness if the latter had not broken away. She crossed



the passage to her own room, caught up her coat and hat, and putting them on as she went, she hurried down the stairs.

In the street she found a very cold wind blowing the snow in all directions. She shivered in her thin clothing. Her teeth began to chatter, her hands grew numb, and chills ran up and down her back. She quickened her gait, but still she was cold. On turning a corner she found herself before a restaurant and the lights and tempting food within made her present misery seem all the more acute. She suddenly resolved to purchase a cup of hot coffee though it would take the money she had saved for return carfare.

Temporarily warmed she went on to the offices which she had to clean and hurriedly began to scrub. As she worked her thoughts went back to the days when she used to take such pride in the cleanliness of the little cottage where she had been her father's housekeeper. As her hands still moved mechanically, memories of the past flooded into her mind. She recalled with a shudder those desperate men who had sought her father's aid in their war on law and order. How terrible their vengeance had been for his persistent refusals to join them. Then that last awful night! All thoughts of work had left Olga's mind, and she was living again in that far-off Russian city. She had been born there twenty-five years ago, and had lived peacefully and happily till those wicked men had wrecked their home. This particular evening her father had been late, which was a very unusual occurrence for him. Becoming uneasy she had started out to meet him. Suddenly upon turning an abrupt corner she had stumbled over his dead body. In her first grief and rage she had vowed to avenge his death, but she had not then realized the character of the men with whom she had to deal.

How vividly she remembered the night she had returned from searching for work, tired and discouraged, to find her own cottage in flames, her terrified realization that her own life was in danger, the hurried flight to the coast and the nightmare days in the steerage of the ship which brought her to America. What would she have done but for Mrs. O'Leary, whom she had met in the steerage? To her and her friends in Canada she owed her poor lodgings and this hard work which however, kept body and soul together.

Suddenly she realized where she was, and with a little cry of dismay she forgot the past memories in the hurried completion of her work. But as she was returning home, weary now, and again very cold, her thoughts once more dwelt in far away Russia. Her coat became unfastened, but not till all three buttons were unfastened did she notice it. Once she fancied she heard the church bells of the city cathedral but it was just a trick of the wind and her imagination. While she was crossing a corner, the fierce wind, again blowing her coat open, chilled her, and the driving snow blinded her, but she heeded them not. She was before the old stone fireplace with its glowing fire. A taxi whizzed by, but she did not notice it. Now in the shelter of the buildings, she thought of how comfortable the old thatched cottage had been. Absorbed in happy memories, she stepped from the curb all unheeding an automobile, approaching at high speed. The first people to reach her were impressed by the smile of anticipation on her face. No one identified her. The morning dailies contained a small item headed,—

“UNKNOWN GIRL ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.”

—George Simpson, Form 3B

## GRADUATION AT ST. CUTHBERT'S

Graduation day at St. Cuthbert's!  
 And among the young men and boys  
 Is a lad, whose heart is rejoicing  
 That he's given up childish toys;  
 The soldier's lot he has chosen,  
 And his heart feels young and gay,  
 As he walks the old quad. with his parents,  
 On his graduation day.

Graduation Day at St. Cuthbert's!  
 The lad, now a leader of men,  
 Walks again on the sunlit campus,  
 As he did in the old days, when  
 He too, was a boy at college.  
 'Tis his son who's now done with play,  
 And he's gained all the highest honours  
 On his graduation day.

Graduation Day at St. Cuthbert's!  
 And now an old soldier is seen,  
 Walking slowly along through the cloisters  
 That are clothed in their garb of green;  
 By his side walks the younger brother,  
 Of him, who has passed away,  
 And who sleeps now in distant Flanders,  
 On his graduation day.

—Charles Edward Woodrow, Form IV.

## TWILIGHT

The light in the west is lingering,—fading; fading from orange to gold, from gold to yellow which becomes duller and duller, while overhead the sky is slowly shrouded in a veil of grey. It is drawn downward across the sky until the last faint glimmer of dull yellow is obscured, and the eye of the evening is completely hidden.

A hush and chill fell upon the country, in which the cricket's periodic chirp takes on a lonesome note. The distant "moo-oo" of cattle is even weird. A bat, from

its dark retreat, flaps by in the twilight. Birds exchange their final drowsy twitterings. Then silence reigns.

Silence in the sky, after the bold chant of brilliant colours. The challenging clarion call of cerise, the soft contralto tones of the lavender, the dulcet tenor notes of the gold,—that joyous choir in sweetest harmony; silence on earth, after the busy, noisy summer day for bird, beast, and man; silence in earth and sky, silence, and infinite peace.

—Margaret McLean, Upper School

## HOW THE BIRCH GOT ITS SILVER BARK

Many years ago, in the midst of a mighty forest, a single little Birch tree looked up at the majestic oaks which surrounded her. "Baby" was what those giants called her, and a baby, indeed, she

seemed to them.

Tall and slender she stood on the bank of a little springlet which nymphs called "Crystal Pool." From this the sturdy oaks and the little Birch together received their

nourishment. Standing together, the dark, steady green of the Birch formed a marked contrast to the deep grey-brown of her companions.

They were very happy in the wodland. The little oak dryads played and danced and sang with the dryad of the Birch. In the fall, the leaves of both trees lay down, side by side, tired out, and waited for Mother Nature to cover them with her fleecy white blanket. And, when the cold north wind came to announce the approach of Jack Frost, the little Birch leaned over and kissed the great oak beside her. Some folk say that it is the wind blowing but, if you ask the oak he will say that it was the Baby Birch kissing him before they too, went to sleep.

But they did not sleep very long, for soon the Sun and the Birds, and the Air began to call the little forest folk to life again. So, in a very short time, in place of the bleak, lifeless waste, there stretched a beautiful sea of purest green. Crystal Pool was more lovely than ever before. And the frogs and crickets chirped and sang more joyously with the very joy of new life.

This happy wodland life went on till early summer when, one day, early in June, word came that a strange goblin was coming to see the Crystal Pool. At once the haughty oaks began to swell and puff and shake themselves that they might make a good impression on the newcomer. But the little Birch, feeling very small and shy, tried to make herself as inconspicuous as possible.

Then the day came and all the trees were excited and nervous, anxiously awaiting the coming of the mysterious goblin. About noon he appeared on the banks of the little springlet, and a very queer creature he was with a large head and much larger stomach and a pair of exceedingly long, spindly legs. He walked around the Pool and complimented the oaks on their

great strength but, apparently he took no notice of the little Birch.

The strange creature continued on his way around the Pool, now running along the bank, now stooping to drink the clear cool water. But in some manner, unknown to all, the goblin slipped and the next instant he was seen struggling frantically in the water.

"Help! Save me!" screamed he, turning to a nearby oak.

"I am too stout," whined the latter, "and I cannot bend so far."

The poor goblin, splashing and floundering, turned to another and begged assistance.

"I am too old," he cried, "and my limbs will not bend."

It now appeared that the poor creature must drown. He stopped struggling and sank. But he soon came up again and lo! before he could speak he had grasped something firm. He clung to it desperately and, in another minute, he was high and safe in the branches of the Birch. He then slid to the ground and, standing by the little Birch, angrily faced the oaks.

"You," shouted he, "are indeed, mighty giants, but with hearts of stone. Such strength, if it be not used to help others, is useless and unworthy of recognition. But you shall help others. From now till the end of time, you shall be broken and cut up for the benefit of men. You shall always be strong, aye, but you shall be admired only for the material value of your sturdy trunks.

The chastened oaks drooped their heads with shame and sorrow. The goblin spoke a magic word and, in an instant, instead of a homely goblin, there stood the beautiful Queen of the Fairies.

The heads of the oaks drooped lower still. A painful silence followed, which was broken by the voice of the Queen. Her voice and manner were all tenderness now, for she had turned to look upon the silent, shy little Birch.

"My beautiful little Birch," be-

gan that soft sweet voice, "what shall I grant you in token of my deep gratitude?"

Slowly and fearfully, the Birch spoke.

"Most — beautiful lady," she faltered, "there is—— nothing I wish. What I did was little."

"Yet little things are really what count in this world," answered the Queen, as she rose softly into the air. "Some day soon, you shall receive my reward."

So saying, she kissed the little Birch and was gone.

The season went on. The fall came and went, the winter passed, and now, spring was at hand. The forest folk blossomed out in all their wealth of purest green, but none could compare with the little

Birch, beside the Crystal Pool. Tall and slender and beautiful she stood, but now clothed in a coat of the purest silver-grey. And the first to greet the Birch was the Queen of the Fairies, as, dancing round her, she sang happily.

"This silvery coat my dear, true friend

For thee, who once, for me did bend!"

And the pretty Queen herself, carried the seeds of the Birch to every land. So, now, when we glance at the woodlands, nor gaze is held by a slender, silvery Birch, and it pleases us to remember that she stands as the symbol of "Kindness."

—R. Charles Brown, Form 3A

### THE MOOSE

The soft murmur of the wind in the balsams was lost in the rising notes of a shrill whistle through the sturdy spruce. Then the joyful melody of the wind's skipping freely among the evergreen boughs was subdued into a sad requiem sighing through the green spires of the pines, which encircled the winding shores of the Lake of Bays. The wind caught the curling breath of the big moose standing up to the knees in snow, floated it high and tossed it off to vanish over the speckled surface of the frozen lake. The thick banks of soft snow around the big moose made him seem shorter; but on bare ground he could easily have sheltered from hostile eyes or blustering winds, a man standing at his shoulders. His body was short and sturdy, suggesting that almost an elephant's strength lay concealed under his shaggy brown fur. The short, thick neck seemed admirably adapted to bear the heavy weight of the broad dull antlers, whose blunt snags could give cutting blows in the deadly battles of the farther forests.

Of all the bands of moose, herds

of elk, or packs of wolves who had formerly roamed through the forest or slaked their thirst in the sparkling water, the big moose was the only survivor. The rest had become wary and sought the more northern and less frequented forest areas. Only a few mink, muskrat or martin, who were brave enough to pit their cunning against their common enemy, man, had made their burrows along its shores. Even the big moose ventured to come for a drink only at dusk when the longer shadows streamed across the lake.

At this hour a solemn stillness pervaded the forest around its peaceful shores. Here and there the glassy surface of the lake shone through the irregular coat of snow which scurried and flurried at the pleasure of the wind. The low banks of the lake were completely covered by an unbroken curve of pure white snow. The tall green trees which grew on its shores were irregularly sprinkled with tufts of the soft spotless snow. The birds, which used to sing and twitter through the summer twilight, had departed long ago for

the warmer south. Nor was the gentle lapping of the water on the sandy beach any longer heard. Even the wind, the only Voice of Nature, which Winter leaves free, was subdued at this hour and rocked the empty nests as gently as in the warm days of Spring. One could almost hear the faint burrowing of a marten, of the deep respiration of the moose as he breathed the frosty twilight air, faintly scented with the sweet odour of spruce, pine and balsam.

Suddenly the big mose was startled by a strange call faintly resembling the derisive laughter of the lost loon which used to float over the lake in the dusk of long past summer days. On the opposite shore, figures preparing for a camp were dimly visible. Soon the ringing of their axes was heard as they cut the slender birch poles for their camp, or lopped off spring cedar boughs for their couch. When the first flash of the camp-fire was seen across the lake, the big mose started and half-turned to go. But the odour of the burning wood held him near the water. The flames of the camp-fire grew larger and rapidly flung their quivering tongues into the crisp twilight air.

The odour of black steaming coffee and juicy fried bacon floated across to the timid moose and for a moment held a sleepy marten from his cozy burrow. For some time after these odours had been absorbed into the frosty air, the blue and golden flames continued to dance and flicker, growing brighter as the evening advanced. The fascination of the bright light beckoned the moose to cross to the other side but his instinctive shyness and natural caution held him motionless in the snow until even the faintest red glow had faded into the night.

Early next morning while feeding on some tender maple roots the big mose was startled by a snapping twig. He caught a glimpse of a strange figure carrying a short stick. Then he halted. But too late. A sizzling ball caught him behind the shoulder; he staggered and fell. The proud monarch of the forest who had glided so swiftly by yesterday morning was now stretched lifeless on the cold ground. His crimson blood made a vivid splotch on the pure white snow. That day the hunters rejoiced over their first venison.

—G. Sharpe, Upper School.

#### Respectfully (?) Dedicated to the Commercial Building

All portals to knowledge are not of gold,  
Though often you have heard it told.  
Full many a student his books has sold  
When but my outside he beholds,  
For shaky walls do me enfold.  
A scholar must needs be very bold  
To want his name with others enrolled,  
For I am old, yea, very old,  
And I am cold, most fearful cold,  
And I am but a wreck!

—Helen Saurwein, Form 2B

#### THE LOCKED DRAWER

The drawer was locked. Myra Bolton stood still and stared at the innocent-looking desk. After a moment's reflection she grasped the handle and shook the drawer so vigorously that the little vase,

which stood on the top of the desk, rocked dangerously. But Myra shook in vain. Why was the drawer locked? It was very unusual that the minister should have locked a drawer in his desk. There

was some mystery in the parsonage and Myra Bolton was determined to find it out. With a firm step she left the house and turned her steps homeward.

The Rev. Mr. Swanton was young, single and, though not handsome, attractive, especially to Myra. Myra Bolton was a spinster with a sharp nose and greenish eyes. She was tall, with a long, thin neck, a flat chest and long, bony arms. Her clothes were very old-fashioned and particularly unbecoming. To be sure, Myra was six years older than the preacher but, after careful consideration, she decided that it would not make any difference, especially as it was a case of "love at first sight" on her part. So Myra had given the Rev. Swanton several good chances to ask her to become mistress of the parsonage and when the embarrassed young man had proved unresponsive, Myra attributed it to shyness and redoubled her efforts.

In the village of Linton, the parishioners were as familiar with the parsonage as was the minister. Myra Bolton knew where everything was kept, and, when she had come to get her missionary paper and found that the minister was out, she entered the house and went to the desk to get it for herself. It was while occupied in this way that she had come upon the locked drawer.

Myra determined to learn the meaning of the locked drawer so she casually broached the subject to the minister at the earliest opportunity.

"I hope you don't mind, Mr. Swanton, but I came after my missionary papers the other day and you weren't at home. I knew you kept the papers in the desk so I went right in. The first drawer was locked but I found it in the next drawer."

"I am very glad that you found it without any trouble. I must speak to Mrs. Marshall," and the minister moved away, leaving

Myra nonplussed.

One day, she called to see the Rev. Mr. Swanton and, after knocking several times and receiving no response, she opened the door and walked in. In the hope of finding the drawer unlocked, Myra went, hastily, to the study and threw the door open. She stopped short in surprise, for as she opened the door, the minister quickly closed the drawer and locked it and then, blushing furiously, faced the astonished lady. For a few moments neither Myra nor the minister could speak but the former soon recovered and started to apologize.

"Oh, Mr. Swanton, I had no idea you were in the house. I knocked real loud but nobody came and I thought I might as well save myself an extra walk up here after that book of sermons so I came right in. It appears as if I disturbed you and I know most ministers don't like to be interrupted when they're making up sermons," and she glanced from the desk to the discomfited minister.

"Oh, not at all," said the Mr. Swanton, quickly. "I have the book right here. I should have taken it to you but I completely forgot. Here is the book, which I know you will find to be very interesting and I am sorry that you had to come after it. I shall do better next time, I hope."

Myra was disappointed. She had hoped to find out something about the locked drawer but the minister had again avoided giving an explanation.

A week later, the Rev. Mr. Swanton went to Toronto, giving no excuse for the somewhat long journey save that he had an important engagement. Myra was positive that this trip was in some way connected with the locked drawer but, when the minister returned a few days later, the locked drawer was as deep a mystery as ever.

One Thursday Morning, the villagers were startled to hear that the bank had been robbed, Myra



Bolton, who was among the first to hear of the robbery, hurried to the parsonage to spread the exciting news. She knocked several times and finally the housekeeper answered the door.

"I would like to speak with the minister," said Myra.

"He isn't at home, Miss Bolton. He went away last night and he didn't say where he was goin'. He was all dressed up and he took a couple of suitcases with him," the housekeeper informed her.

"When will he return?" asked Myra stiffly.

"I don't know. He says to me before he'd left that he didn't know when he'd come back but he wanted me to get my spring cleanin' through as soon as I could," answered the housekeeper.

"Well, I'll call again," said Myra.

"This is news indeed," thought Myra. "It's kind of peculiar. First he keeps a drawer of his desk locked and then he goes away suddenly just about the time the bank is robbed. It looks mighty suspicious to me."

All day long Myra worried about the minister's strange journey. She could not believe otherwise than that the Rev. Mr. Swanton was the robber and she felt that his future was in her power.

During the afternoon, Myra met Maggie Mitchell, the greatest gossip in Linton. This was once when she knew more than Maggie, so she could not refrain from talking.

"Why hello, Maggie. What do you think about the robbery? Who do you suppose could have done it?"

"From what I hear," said Maggie, "I don't think anybody in Linton did it. What do you think?"

"Well, I think you're all wrong. I've got a suspicion that it was somebody right here in Linton and it's somebody you wouldn't believe did it?" said Myra recklessly.

"What do you know about it?" asked Maggie, quickly.

"Oh, I don't know as I know any-

thing and I wouldn't tell you if I did. Well, I'm in a hurry and I have to go," and Myra walked on toward her home.

Myra's hint was enough for Maggie Mitchell. The next day, everyone in Linton knew that Myra knew who the thief was. The constable heard the story and he called at Myra's during the afternoon. He told Myra that it was her duty to find out all she knew about the robbery and, after a great deal of persuasion, Myra told him about the locked drawer at the parsonage and the minister's sudden journey. The constable was greatly excited when he left Myra's home. He visited the lawyer and a few influential men of the village and told the story. So excited were they that they decided to visit the parsonage and open the locked drawer.

Accordingly, they laid their plans and the next morning, the constable called at Myra's and commanded her, in the name of the law to lead the party of men to the parsonage and superintend the raid. Myra looked very important as she joined the men. Not only was she in charge of these men but she was about to realize her hopes. She was going to discover the contents of the locked drawer.

When they arrived at the parsonage, to Myra's chagrin, the constable knocked, and when the housekeeper opened the door, it was he who demanded entrance. But when they were all in the house, Myra took the lead and directed them to the study. They went to the desk and Myra tried the drawer, but it was still locked. The constable stepped forward and announced that it would be necessary to break the lock.

In a short time, the lock gave away and Myra grasped the handle with a hand that trembled with excitement. She pulled the drawer out but only half way for the study door was flung open and a very angry minister confronted Myra

and her accomplices. Behind him stood a young lady, who looked from one to another in bewilderment.

"What does this mean? Do you realize that you are trespassing?" said the minister angrily.

"You can't bluff us Mr. Swanton," said the constable. "We'll have a look at the contents of this drawer before we deal with you."

"The contents of that drawer are my private property and I forbid you to touch anything that it contains. To satisfy your intense curiosity I will say that that drawer contains my wife's correspon-

dence. Now, lady and gentlemen, kindly leave the house for my wife is slightly fatigued after her journey and she was not prepared for such a reception. If the constable requires further proof I shall later interview him alone," and the minister stood aside in order to let Myra and her followers pass out.

Poor Myra! She had missed the chance to examine the contents of the locked drawer. The whole village would laugh at her and above all the minister was married.

—Vivian Norwood, Form 3B

### THE FLAG OF THE SHIPS

No matter where a ship you see  
In all the Seven Seas,  
Most 'allus the same old flag there'll be  
Ablowin' in the breeze.  
She may be bound for Bombay,  
Or the Yangtse-Kiang's mouth,  
She may be in the frozen north,  
Or 'mid islands of the south,  
But I'll wager that you'll see that rag,  
Though tattered it may be,  
For half the ships are flyin' that flag  
That sail upon the sea.

She may be only a fishin' smack,  
Well-loaded, comin' home,  
Or she may be a mighty liner  
Towerin' high above the foam;  
Perhaps she's a dirty little tramp,  
Plowin' and toilin' through the sea,  
Or perhaps she's a slicked-up merchantman  
A-runnin' swift an' free;  
She may be an old sailin' shooner,  
Rich in glories of the past;  
But most 'allus there'll be a British flag  
A-flyin' from her mast.

—Upper School

### YOUTH

Age sits upon the rocks of Time  
and looks backward over the valley of Life, but Youth, on the opposite side of the vale is gazing far forward into the future. He sees the world spread out at his feet, veiled in the rosy mists of

dawn. He sees the future stretching out endlessly before him, the long, long years of the Yet-to-Be.

"What shall I do?" muses Youth, "and what shall I be?" He looks downward. A great city lies beneath him, cradled in a green roll-



ing plain. He sees here the needle-like spires and gleaming cross of a church, here the rows of skyscrapers, housing the commercial life of the city, and here a cloud of smoke, almost hiding the factories from view. Farther from the city's centre lie the hospitals on their mercy-work of relieving sufferers, and the homes for the aged, the blind, and the dumb. "Which, of all these, is my place?" cries Youth.

Youth turns his head to look farther still, and he sees on his left a broad, sunlit plain, where farmers and their teams turn up russet furrows. Autos creep over the white thread-like roads, past the dark blotches of forest where Youth, as a child, had played. Again the beauty of the woods speaks to him, as the voice of a mother to her son.

On the other side of the city, the plains merge into rocky coast and sandy beach, on which the waves of the ocean dash and foam, sparkling in the morning light. Out on the sea, vessels pass constantly

back and forth, bearing the wealth of the nations. Youth feels the salt sea-wind in his face, and hears loud in his ears the call of the sea.

But, even then, an aeroplane rises, and soars above him into the clouds. Youth turns quickly to watch its flight, catching his breath at its daring.

But he turns again to Mother Earth. Day has dawned, and the earth is flooded with sunlight. Youth sees the streets of the city darkened with people, and hears the low hum of a land at work. He feels more strongly than anything else, the call of humanity, and of life with its humour and pathos, its sunshine and shade. He knows now that it does not matter what work he chooses; he has only

"To choose some path that leads to God

And keep it to the end."

So Youth, strong and eager, descends from his height, and walks as a man among men.

—Margaret McLean,  
Upper School

### SONNET

An old barge, lumber-laden, slowly towed  
By a small, battered ship, whose trailing smoke  
About her throws a dirty, dark-grey cloak,  
Is bearing through the Upper Lakes her load.  
Long years ago, instead of lumber stowed,  
A steamer reared her decks, the queen, so spoke  
With admiration all the lakeside folk,  
Thrilled by the majesty this flagship showed.  
Yet now the lakes, unchanged, roll on the same  
As they did in the day she was supreme;  
And when nought remains but the glorious name  
Of that fair ship who rules, their present queen,  
When that's no more, the lakes will still remain  
To heave and toss their waves of bluish-green.

—Upper School

### THE GHOST THAT BROWNE MINOR LAID

Browne Major was sitting in his study, his hands clasped behind his head, and his feet on the mantelpiece. From his bright-green neck-tie with yellow spots, to his well-oiled hair, there spread a genial expression of self-complacency.

Even his generously-freckled nose radiated goodwill to the world in general, and to himself in particular. The cause of his happy state of mind was simply this—he had received a tip from his great-uncle Benjamin that very morning,

and already he was making plans for breaking bounds after lights-out—with Gregory, of course!—to get a fresh supply of cigarettes from Johnsons'.

He had reached this point, when the door burst open, and Gregory, his study-mate, came into the room with a rush. He threw his books across the room—his aim was apparently the table—but he missed by a foot, and the books were allowed to lie on the floor undisturbed, until needed.

"Heard the news, old fellow?" he asked, as he pulled Browne Major's chair from under him, and proceeded to make himself comfortable in it. "If I had a minor like yours, I'd duck him in the nearest fountain. His latest is a tale of how he and young McManus were going down Lippett's Lane, when they saw a ghost—the usual thing, you know—white, with chains and all, you know—only theirs had horns as well!"

"That young muff had better keep out of my way, growled Browne Major with his most "majory" air. "But never mind about the kids, Gregg. Let's talk about to-night," and with their heads very close together these two young gentlemen hatched a deep plot.

That night was an ideal winter night. The pale moon shed a flood of radiance over the ice-bound country-side. The beauty of it, the mysterious silence of it, would have impressed one at once. Not so the two dark figures, however, crouching in the shadow of the school wall. All that they were thinking of at that moment was getting to town and back without being discovered.

"Keep close to the hedge," whispered Gregory, "until we are out of sight of the Head's window." Browne nodded, and the two made their way cautiously until they reached the cross-roads. Here they broke into a sharp run.

"Let's go down Lippett's Lane,

it's shortest," panted Browne Major.

"But-but—your minor is a silly kid, isn't he Browne," replied Gregory.

"Aw, come on, don't you turn coward, Gregory." So down Lippett's Lane they darted.

"Don't the hedges look queer?" murmured Gregory. "Don't run so fast, old man, you make such a noise,"—then, as Browne turned a withering glance upon him—"you know-er-er-a noise rather spoils the beauty of the scene-er-don't you think?"

He was interrupted by a sharp cry from Browne. "What's the matter, old fellow?" stammered Gregory, his face green in the moonlight. "Nothing,—it was a moth or a bat—it hit me in the face, that's all, let's hurry!"

Hardly had they gone forward a few paces, when Gregory stopped short. "Look; Browne, look! — over there—all white—with horns—Browne!" His voice rose in a shriek as there was a distant clank of iron chains on the ice of the ditch. But Browne Major—brave, self-important Browne Major—had already turned his back and fled. Together they stumbled along the lane, until they reached the cross-roads. "Let's get back to the school—I'm not going to town now!" murmured Gregory. Five minutes later they were both in the school quadrangle, breathing in the air in long gulps.

Next morning the two friends had recovered their composure, and were ready to laugh at their fright of the night before. They were stopped in the corridor by Browne minor and his usual following of grubby youngsters and were forced to listen to their tale. They had gone down Lippett's Lane to investigate the ghost business (just half an hour after Browne and Gregory had returned to the school) and Browne minor had shot at the ghost with his catapult. "And when Browne hit it, it gave

an awful yell, and we ran away," put in little McManus. "Was it he that was so brave?" "Pooh!" replied Gregory, with a lordly air, "run away and play, you kdis."

At that moment the bell rang, and all the boys lined up in the big hall. The Head mounted the platform with a grave air and held up his hand for silence.

"Boys," he said, "it is a very serious matter of which I must speak this morning—one that pains me greatly, for it concerns my own boys. You know that I have forbidden the use of catapults yet I find at least one of the boys here at present, has been capable of disobeying orders." Here more than one boy blushed furiously, and wiped his nose with a concealing handkerchief. "Widow Simpson came to me this morning with a most distressing story," the Head went on. "One of my boys, by the use of a catapult, has killed her only means of support — a white goat."

Suddenly understandings came to the boys. "Goat" — "White Goat," — "why, that must be the ghost of Lippett's Lane!" Oh, the relief that swept over the school.

But now the Head was speaking again. "Stand forward, Browne Minor." This boy's cap as well as the catapult, was found on the very spot. "Is this your catapult, my boy?"

Shivering with fright, Browne Minor was forced to admit that it was. Then with a rush of incoherent words, the whole story was revealed — how he had mistaken the goat for a ghost, and how he had fired at it, and—and——. But here little Browne burst into tears. At his, Browne Major, who had viewed the proceedings with a lordly grin, came to the rescue with the tip from great-uncle Benjamin, and his minor, overwhelmed with astonishment at having come out of the scrape so easily, became the hero of the hour.

—Ivy M. Ross, Form 4.

### CHINA'S GRIEVANCES

Among modern nations, China is the most downtrodden and the least understood. She has been for years a hotbed of grievances and a source of international rivalries. During the recent turmoil, in which so many of our sons and daughters were sacrificed and where so many millions of dollars were spent to secure Democracy and Justice, we had hoped that out of this Armageddon of the nations, a new era would dawn, when all the nations would join in one federation of the world, and when the significance of human brotherhood would be recognized, both in national and international relations. It seemed possible, when the League of Nations was proposed. We may differ in opinion about the League of Nations but at the Peace Conference, it certainly seemed to go back to its pre-war principle of "Might is Right." When the na-

tions were bent upon the "spoils" of war, they made no attempt to redress China's grievances and showed no endeavour to protect her rights. Must our high expectations of the League of Nations so soon prove mere bubbles?

Since the Opium War of 1842 with Great Britain, China has been invaded by foreign countries. Taking advantage of her military weakness, wars have been forced upon her which took away most of her important possessions and forced her to lease her ports to foreign garrisons. Then, with foreign strongholds at her door, she is blamed for her military deficiency.

There are the "extraterritorialities" which means that where there are foreign residents, the extraterritorial system had created laws of the foreign country and not those of China are enforced. This in the hearts of the Chinese a

strong sense of national humiliation, as it deprived them of their right of sovereignty within their own territories. When such privileges are claimed by foreign countries it is impossible for China to maintain law and order, as any offence done by foreigners is tried by their officials. It is natural to suppose that there is generally a strong prejudice in favour of their own people, whether right or wrong. It also affords ample excuses for other nations to lay claim against the Chinese government as in the case of the Russians in China, who often violate the Chinese laws, yet Russia blames her for her lack of local protection to them. Apart from this judicial injustice, the aliens went even further with this privilege by apportioning lands out to revolutionists, affording them protection in their plots against their own country. These conditions, combined with some foreign propaganda, led to the Boxer Rebellion in 1901.

Through this uprising, China passed the most dormant condition in her history. She had to pay an indemnity of three hundred and twenty million dollars alone and agree to a treaty of twenty-one terms, one of which is that China could not develop any industry for twenty-one years except according to foreign dictation. Then she is blamed for industrial backwardness. Are you surprised at her slow progress?

By this treaty, China is also bound to levy a tariff, not exceeding five per cent. This low rate of duty, compared with the high rate imposed on her export goods, shows the unfairness of the nations towards her. When her tariff revenue was almost taken away from her, she was further deprived of her tariff legislation in 1901 by the Protocol Treaty. Heavy international taxes were levied on all necessities. Is it any wonder that China is such a poor country with all those bonds and war debts

forced upon her? Under the present condition while the terrible famine is wiping out millions of lives in China, her tariff could be increased to help the Chinese government to support those starving multitudes as the generous contributions of other nations are inadequate to meet her great need.

While the western nations were busy at home with wars, there emerged the Militarism of the East,—Japan. The war gave her an unequalled opportunity to do whatever she pleased with China but the problems concerning these two nations, concern the world;—the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China and the stability of world peace.

While the nations were thus engaged at home Japan quietly presented to the Chinese government the notorious "Twenty-One Demands. There was no cause whatever for these demands as China had done nothing to Japan and there was no contention between them. Japan was ashamed of this matter, so she declared to the world that it was for maintaining the general peace of eastern Asia and further strengthening the friendly relations and good neighbourhood existing between the two nations." The most notorious demands were in the fifth group and although these were abandoned for a time, Japan soon took them up again, "The Chinese government shall employ Japanese as advisers in political, financial and in military affairs." To Prussianize the people directly, it proposed that "Japanese subjects shall have the right to carry on propaganda in China." Further to interfere with the liberty of the people, it proposed that "The Chinese police department shall be jointly administered by Japanese and Chinese," and to dominate China further, "China must purchase fifty per cent. of her munitions of war from Japan, and grant her concessions

in mines, railways and canals." Japan, fearing the interference of other nations, threatened "absolute secrecy during negotiation and that all publicity would be met with the harshest reprisal." So unjust were these demands that China did not yield until Japan threatened invasion.

In reality these demands mean the subjugation of China by Japan. The Annexation of Korea and Formosa was brought about with demands similar to those in group five. Must China be dominated by Japan? Must she let her teeming millions suffer the same fate as the Koreans this day endure? Must she allow her boundless resources to supply Japan with munitions for a future war which will make the last war like mere play? Such will be the result if China be allowed to be dominated by or annexed to Japan. Without China, Japan can never realize her hope of instructing and teaching the rest of the world and becoming its dominant factor."

German Prussianism never went so far as Japanese Militarism. She never exercised any of the cruel and inhuman acts of which Japan is guilty this day. It would move a heart of stone to pity to read of the slaughter of innocent men, women and children who fell mercilessly under the swords of Japanese soldiers. The condition in Shantung is not much better. Japanese families settled around missionary hospitals and in the evening, dogs were let out barking and yelling and sometimes even men were out quarreling so as to make the situation uncomfortable for the patients. The hospitals had to be sold to them at a low price and the patients had to be moved somewhere else. Mission schools were plundered; Chinese Christian teachers were put to

death. Japan wants to wipe Christianity out of China as she fears that a Christian China would bring peace to the country, thus frustrating her hope of being China's "dominant factor."

Since the annexation of Korea and Formosa, China has been awakened to the danger of the new Prussianism of the East. Some people may think such apprehension unfounded as Japan had fought on the Allies' side. But was her friendship with the Allies ever sincere? Was democracy for the world her motive in entering the war. To investigate this matter let me repeat what Monsieur Delanney, French ambassador to Japan, in a reply to an inquiry regarding Japan's attitude in the war, said, "Who in the world thought Japan was a pro-ally? The Japanese intended to support Germany but after their commission visited the Allied countries and saw how whole-heartedly we were going into the war, they were afraid to do so \*\*\*\* when the party arrived at Vancouver, and learned the news that Austria had surrendered the Japanese members of the party were solely disappointed."

The stability of world peace depends upon the situation in the Far East—China and Japan. If the price which our sons and daughters so dearly paid to overthrow "German Kultur" is not to be paid in vain it is necessary that China's grievances be redressed so that she can resist the new Kultur of the East, and prevent future wars. Have we forgotten those four dark years, when the cloud of war hung heavily over Europe? It is our duty to make this world a safe place for Democracy that the thousands who are sleeping in Flander's Fields shall not have died in vain.

— Florence Chong, III B

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Pugh—Miss Harris, is Ancient History interesting?"

Miss Harris—"I think so, it is so much newer."

## ALL A MISTAKE

"I say, if it isn't old Ned! Wher'd you drop from?"

Edward Rapley turned from surveying the crowds of Europeans and natives walking in the gardens of Ezbekeyed and faced a grizzled giant dressed partly in Western, partly in Oriental clothes.

"By the gods! it isn't—by Jove! Yes, it is! Sandy! Sandy Hamilton!"

Then two hands came together in a firm clasp and two pairs of eyes met. Both were blue and honest but those in the white, clean-shaven face lacked the twinkle of those which shone from the brown and bearded features. Passers-by marvelled to see the immaculately - clothed Englishman with the aristocratic bearing, talking and laughing with the dirty looking wanderer, and to see them disappear down a dark, narrow street away from the Western section of Cairo.

"Yes, old top, I've seen life!" proclaimed Hamilton, a little later, as the two sat in a dirty, tumble-down cafe, "and say, why don't you come with me to-morrow with old Red-Beard, my old half-pirate of a coaster? You'll certainly see life with old Reddy. Whew! I remember—but will you come?"

"I'm sorry, Sandy, but I can't do it. You see, Sir Walter Sands, the scientist, is here — been working around here for over a year. I just arrived yesterday and just got to see-ah-er-him this morning. But everything's upside down over there. Seems Sir Walter was coming across the desert with some valuable stuff, when his party was set on by some Egyptian bandit—whose name starts with Shelim and ends somewhere in the next paragraph. Well, this Shelim made away with all the treasures. Sir Walter came in just before I called. He was nearly crazy and—er—when—er—"

"Come on, old man," broke in Sandy, who had been watching his

friend's face closely during this recital, "there's somebody in this besides old Sir Walter, isn't there?"

"Yes, there is," admitted Ned, "his daughter's with him and, well I'm rather struck on her — very much struck, I'm afraid."

"Don't get in too deep," cautioned Sandy, with a twinkle. And then growing thoughtful, "The main reason I took to wandering—but say, I know this old Shelim well. Old Red Beard and I had it pretty hot with him down below, a year back."

"Look here, Sandy, do you suppose there is any chance of our getting Sir Walter's treasure?"

"Mm, 'twill be no joke. Do you know what it is, or what it looks like?"

"Except that it is extremely valuable I don't know what it is, but Sir Walter took great pains to tell everyone that it was in a wooden box, covered with basket-work, about three by two feet and nearly a foot deep. The basket-work was purple and green."

"Crack it all, Ned, I'll take a try at this, even if I have to let Red Beard go without me. Here, Matsi."

And a half-clad native youth arose from a corner and advanced to Sandy. After a conversation which Rapley could not understand, Matsi was gone.

"Gone to do a bit of spy-work on old Shelim, who ten to one is at this minute drinking all the liquor in the 'Cat's Tail'—a worse place than this by a long sight."

Now Hamilton skillfully changed the subject and the next couple of hours were spent in telling and listening to stories of days gone by. Then Matsi returned with the news that Shelim's men were encamped with his goods outside the city, among the ruins of an ancient chief's stronghold near the harbour of Boolak.

"I know it well, assented Sandy, "what do you say if we pay a very



informal call thereabouts this evening, Ned, old man?"

"I'm with you. I think Margaret would be very glad to have her father recover that box and if I could only restore it to him, I might be able—well, yes, I should have a chance of beating out that Hendricks."

"Who's he?"

"Oh, a young simp of an assistant to her father—I don't understand what she can see in him."

"Well, don't get in too steep—but then, it's no use telling you. A fellow can't help himself. I don't think I could, but then—oh, well, women are queer creatures, yes—very." And he fell into silence.

Then, rousing himself, he said to his friend. "Be where I met you at seven," and vanished.

At seven o'clock, Rapley was at the appointed spot, unwillingly listening to the monotonous story of a street singer, who had collected a large number of natives about him. Someone touched his arm. He looked down and saw Matsi, who guided him to the same cafe, where he was led into a back room. Here his skin was browned and he was given native clothes.

"For, you know," said Sandy, "it's no joke to be an enemy of any of Shelim's brotherhood."

When Ned's disguise was completed to Sandy's satisfaction the three left the cafe, and after traversing many narrow, dirty streets, left the city behind, and saw the sands over which darkness was fast falling, and the pyramids, black against the grey sky. About two hundred yards in front of them glowed the first fires of the bandits' encampment.

"Go back behind those rocks," whispered Hamilton to Rapley, "and when I whistle, raise the deuce of a racket. If a scrap starts up down here, come on the double to help Matsi and me," and he slipped his friend a revolver.

Rapley crept behind the pile of huge stones, and waited. Night

was falling fast and more fires were being lit by the campers. Finally, Ned heard Sandy's whistle, far in advance of the position in which he had left him, and immediately began to make a great clatter among the rocks. Two or three shots were sent at intervals towards him but nothing more happened for nearly half an hour, when loud cries broke forth from the camp, followed by heavy firing. He started forward, then saw two dim shapes making towards him and Sandy's voice cried: "Run, for Pete's sake, run!" Matsi held out a dark object which Rapley clutched eagerly. But it was too late for flight. A host of wild desert-men were upon them.

"We can't do it, boys," shouted Sandy.

"Down behind the rocks," returned Ned.

All three dropped behind this protectoin and used their revolvers so effectively that the advance of the enemy was checked.

"They're just getting ready to make a new attack," whispered Sandy. "You follow Matsi and I'll hold them long enough for you to get away."

"Not at all, old man, this was my business and I'm the one that should stay. Take this Sandy, and look after it well," and he handed over the precious box.

"But, you fool, you don't know where to go."

"Never mind. You tell me, and quick."

"Well, make straight across this ground towards that short spire, go up the street you come to until you reach a high stone wall. Turn to your left and keep going till you reach the river."

"All right! Good-bye, Sandy."

"Good-bye and good-luck, old top."

Scarcely had the two left when the Egyptians leaped forward, this time from both sides, in the lead a giant in white turban which shone in the moonlight. Three fell be-

fore the Englishman was reached, but they came on, following him of the white turban. Then all was confusion as Rapley swung and jabbed with his revolver and the natives slashed at him with their knives. But darkness was against the greater numbers for they had only one man to aim at while he could strike out blindly and be sure of hitting an enemy. The great white turban, blood-stained, was tramped into the sand. He seized it with his one hand and clapped it on his head. Then, leaping upon a boulder, he pointed towards the camp.

Mistaking him for their leader, the bandits headed in that direction. Then the Englishman cast off the turban and ran for the city, with blood streaming from a dozen wounds. But an injured man saw him and called the Egyptians back. After a few minutes of indecision they set off after Rapley.

He had reached the street by the time he became aware of the pursuit. Though growing weaker, he kept on till he came to the great wall. With the greatest effort he struggled along the left path. But his pursuers were close upon him. How dreadfully close they were he realized when he remembered that as the street was unpaved, running men could not be heard at a distance.

"I guess I'm done for," he muttered, as he found it impossible to keep on.

Then friendly hands seized him and rushed him forward. Ahead he saw a triangular ship's sail. Then all became black.

He awoke to find himself lying in the bottom of a ship—a narrow ship with rowers along each side. Above him was the sky, colored with the first grey of dawn.

"Where am I?"

"This is Red-Beard's felucca," replied Sandy, who was bending over him. "We've been out into the Mediterranean and given two ships, which Shelim seized and

used, the slip. Now we're heading back to Cairo. Here's your box. But steady now. I'll raise your head."

Rapley looked toward either bank and saw on the one side pyramids amid a boundless stretch of sand, and on the other, across a strip of waste land, a forest of minarets. Half an hour later he clambered out of the ship, and walked with Sandy's aid to a near-by tavern. Matsi brought some decent-looking clothes and the stain was washed from the skin.

It was afternoon before Sandy allowed his friend to leave the water-side tavern. And by that time, although still noticeably weak, he was able to walk very well. An hour later, he broke in upon his friends in the tavern. In his hands he bore the precious box. He opened it upon the table. It was filled with gold coins and jewels.

"Here, Red-Beard, take the whole blated thing!"

"Shut that in here," growled Red-Beard, after one glance at the treasure and with suspicious looks around him. "Get out right away. Wait here. I bring dogs of men."

Then when Red-Beard departed to get together his crew, Sandy turned to Ned with wonder in his eyes.

"What's the idea, old man?"

"Idea? That wasn't the box at all. I rather thought it was too large in the first place. What he wanted was a collection of insects or some such trash! More precious than rubies! Bah!"

"Well, don't quit yet. We still can have a try for the real one."

"The real one! I don't give a rip if he ever finds the blasted thing! I hope it's out in the middle of the Nile!"

"Yes, old man," said Sandy, knowingly, "women are queer creatures."

"Blamed if I can see what she sees in that Hendricks — well it can't be helped. I'm going with



you and Red-Beard, if you'll take me."

Then, rousing himself, he filled a glass, raised it, and said, "To the Lady Margaret Sands, that is to be —," he faltered, then went on, "— that is to be Mrs. Hendricks, the only little girl in the world."

Sandy, in turn, raised his glass to his lips, then became thoughtful. "Bar one!" he said softly, and drank, while Matsi, in the corner, blinked affectionately upon him, and went to sleep.

—Upper School

### THE TALE OF THE NORTHLAND

What is the tale the Northland tells,  
Stretching into the Arctic night,  
With its snowy isles, and its icy swells,  
And its plains accursed with blight?

'Tis a grim tale, yet a brave tale,  
This tale the Northland tells,  
Of spirits unbent though bodies fail,  
As they suffer a thousand hells.

'Tis a tale of hope shattered in pieces  
By disappointment and hunger and pain;  
'Tis a hope that yet never quite ceases,  
Till life at last yields to the strain.

A sad tale, but heartening always,  
For as men bravely go at Death's call,  
The north has proved that the race to-day  
Is the same old race after all.

—Upper School.

### UNTOUCHED BY MAN

The sun, which had appeared for a few short hours on the southern horizon, had traced its small arc in the sky and had descended behind the hummocks of snow. The breeze which had blown all day now died down with a few swirls of snow. Then, the stars shone clear and bright over the wilderness of snow, and the long twenty-hour night set in.

For a while everything seemed motionless and then a white form hopped out from a clump of stunted bushes, only a couple of feet high, and stopped. It sat so still that the only thing which distinguished it from the snow was its beady black eyes, and when these were closed the arctic rabbit became but another mound of fluffy white. From a few stunted willows, in a ravine on the left, three

snowy arctic owls floated out on the dusky air. Two black specks showed in the mound of white, there was a swish of wings and the stillness was broken by a single cry of pain.

Far away to the left sounded the cry of a lone wolf as he took up the fresh trail of some late-migrating caribou. Soon his voice was joined by many others and the sounds drifted off into darkness to the west, just as the aurora shot a few stray shafts of wavering, greenish light up to the centre of the sky. The pack ran with the speed of the wind. As hour after hour, they swung on, their red tongues began to hang out and their sharp teeth showed, when they raised their heads to send that echoing cry across the snow. Not until they had gone nearly thirty

miles did the leader cease his intermittent howl. They swept on as soundless as the flashing, quivering lights in the sky above. In front, there suddenly appeared shadowy forms and as the pack spread out and began to close in, they broke into that terrorizing cry of the hunting pack, which has found its prey.

In a few moments the attack was over and, apparently from nowhere, there soon appeared owls and foxes and the other smaller animals of the north, come to take their fill of the warm flesh of the luckless caribou. The air was filled with munching of jaws and snarls of the animals as each fought for a share of the kill. The morning sun would shed its pale rays on a stretch of bloody trampled snow, and all that would be left would be patches of torn fur and a straggled pile of bones. Later, however, over this savage battlefield and feasting table, the wind would blow up piles of snow and so nature would cover up all signs of the midnight fray.

From this spot foot-prints led to a ravine on the left. Here there

were signs of yet another struggle—the struggle of vegetable growth against the fierce cold. Under heaps of snow grew stunted willows and birches rising about a foot from the ground and then spreading out in flat matted tops of twisted limbs. Among these tiny trees the smaller animals crept from the harsh winds and burrowed deep into the snow to keep the keen frost from penetrating into their blood.

Through all these life struggles of bush and beast, through death and defeat, through life and victory, nature remains the same. Still the stars shine clear and bright, the winds blow up great swirls of snow, and on clear nights the northern lights, spread out their shifting maze of ever-changing, ever-moving shafts of multi-coloured lights, up and down the sky. The short days come and go until spring brings the long-stretches of sunlight, and near the coast is heard the honking of geese and the bellowing of the walruses among the rocks.

—Bruce Spears, Form IV

### SPRING

Awake! cried Mother Earth, Awake! Awake!

Winds are sighing,

Woods are ringing,

Deep in the glen, murmurs the lake,

Brooks are singing,

Insects are chirping,

Springtime with sunshine and gladness is here,

Nature is smiling with life and good cheer,

The robin is carolling to its mate on the hill

And the clouds come down to weep on the rill.

From upland to lowland the winds cry "Whist,"

The crocus-fires are kindling,

The dandelion stars are twinkling,

The sunbeam is whispering to the silver mist;

The storm-king is homing,

The wood-pecker is drumming,

The thrush is singing blithely from his pink and leafy bower,

Its silvery melody falling softly like a summer shower.

Oh, blessed spring! illumine the hearts that are sorest

And make them bloom again like yonder, distant forest.

—By Florence Chong.

## ON THE EVE OF EXAMINATIONS

Oh, dark Tomorrow! of Whom 'tis said  
 Of all our class Thou hold'st the fate,  
 For many days Thy crushing weight  
 Hath lain upon our minds. We've read  
 Of Virgil and of Caesar: squares  
 And polyglons our souls appal,  
 And frantic cries arise from all.  
 O hark, stern Justice! Hear our prayers!

To start anew 'tis now too late;  
 We would that Thou wert not so near;  
 Before us all there stands the fear  
 Our efforts to matriculate  
 Will be in vain. Waste hours we rue.  
 Kind Fate, befriend us! See us through.

—L. B. Carruthers, Form IV

## FIRST YEAR LITERATURE

## LO, THE BROODERS !

(Editor's Note—"The Brooders" is the name the seniors have given to the annex which was temporarily added to accommodate the Freshman Class.)

By a Freshette

So these are the brooders! Twenty feet into the air they rear their majestic turrets, while the simple white structure, symmetrical in every line, stands out against the rich brown mud of the campus.

We enter the main corridor through wide artistic French doors. By "we" I mean the girls—of the first year. Of course, the boys, since they have been studying telegraphy at the Radio Club, have several convenient entrances of their own. They merely go to a convenient window, tap the "open sesame" on the pane, and some individual on the inside admits them through the window, without an excess of either physical or mental exertion.

Along the corridor are arranged two coat-racks. These are so conveniently placed that it is scarcely necessary for the student to leave the room to obtain his wraps. (that is, if his reach is long enough.) Some of the more careful students, however prefer to hang their coats

on the floor. This is rather inconsiderate on their part, though, as it causes a blockade when school is dismissed. Their excuse for this unseemly conduct is that less energy is required to pick the aforesaid hindrances off the floor than to lift them from the rack.

On entering these halls of learning one is impressed by their bright aspect. Some are led to believe that this is the result of the brilliancy of the inmates, but this theory is soon disproved when the Casual Observer hears the novice struggling through the conjugation of "amo." On closer examination, he discovers that the beautiful tinselled effect is produced by a rather unique decoration. Scattered about the walls in mild confusion are various pieces of tin, which scintillate with a radiance surpassed only by the famous Woolworth diamonds.

Designed in white beaver-board and rose-wood, the walls themselves afford the On-looker much food for thought. Awed and impressed were the students themselves, when they learned that these walls were designed after those of the house of the famous Anne Hathaway. The dull monot-

ony of the walls is relieved by a stretch of cardboard painted a dull black, which constitutes the black-board. Through this medium the members of the Staff are afforded an opportunity to keep up their physical strength. At the first of the year it was doubtless a drain on the energy to clean these, but by Christmas time their muscles had hardened to such an extent, that it was no longer an ordeal, but merely a pastime. Aside from the pleasure this task affords the teachers, their morale is greatly strengthened, as it certainly requires a super-abundance of patience, courage, and perseverance, to erase the chalk from the boards.

The walls were surpassed in splendour only by the heating equipment. In the fall of the year, at great expense, four nickel-plated stoves were installed to moderate the temperature. But as winter came on with its chilly blasts, these proved inadequate and fourteen radiators were added. These were held in place by some three leagues of steel piping, draped artistically around the walls. The pupils are still in doubt as to what design the architect had in view when he arranged these. Some stoutly maintain that they are figures for geometrical problems; but others assert that they remind them of the work of a frenzied Bolshevik in an inspired mood. The very latest equipment was purchased and installed at an exorbitant price. The inventor of the system did not in the least exaggerate when he declared that, in

the course of fifteen minutes, eight different temperatures, ranging from 32 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, could be obtained. The Freshies acknowledge and fully appreciate the deep concern for their comfort thus manifested.

Advantageous, too, is the situation of the Brooders. As the Freshmen looks out from the convenient windows and gaze upon the joyous frolickers sliding down the chute at the Durand Street School, a sigh often escapes their lips. Perhaps they are thinking with a pang of regret, of how, in the dim past, now haunted only with memories, they too participated in this childish amusement. However the carefree expression this scene brings to their faces is supplanted by a derisive smile as they return to their philosophy.

But, twice a day a moral drama is enacted before their eyes when they see some dilatory pupil, timidly advance, and, with a last breathless look, plunge desperately into the yawning portals of the main building. The fact that this lesson has been impressed upon their plastic minds is evident when, on the following morning, only half the class is late.

The freshmen fully realize that this building in which they are accommodated is an extraordinary one. And, considering their many advantages and privileges they feel that they can never fully repay their benefactors for placing them in such a comfortable and elevating environment.

—Inez Misner, Form 1B

### RED ROVER'S DOOM.

Bold Sir John put out to sea  
On the good ship "Mary Ann."  
His brave men all he took with him,  
To trade in foreign land.

But hardly had they cleared the port  
When o'er the sea there came  
Red Rover, the pirate, whom sailors fear  
In his black ship "The Dame."

"Pirates, Sir John," cried the Sailors.

"Spread on every stitch of sail,  
Put many a mile betwixt us two,  
Or he will follow our trail."

But the sharp eyes of the Pirates  
Caught sight of bold Sir John,  
They changed their course and followed  
And the wild chase was on.

The pirate's boat proved the master  
And, after a bloody fight,  
Red Rover locked up John and his men  
And left them for the night.

"Early next morn," said Red Rover  
"These men will walk the plank,  
My men will stand on either side,  
Drawn up in form and rank."

But down in John's dark prison  
His men were hard at work  
And after much painful effort  
They made a hole with a dirk.

"With day break," quoth brave Sir John,  
"We capture Red and his men,  
We'll leave this hole forever  
And come not back again."

Next morn John's men were victors,  
And Red's good wine they drank,  
For instead of John's men dying  
Red Rover had walked the plank.

Sir John's bold deed had won him fame,  
And honour from young and old  
And he and his men are heroes,  
Wherever their tale is told.

—Albert Johnston, Form 1A

(This ballad is the winner of the First Year Ballad Competition.)

### THE ORIOLE

Just beside the singing waters  
Of a swiftly running brook,  
Stood an old, majestic elm,  
Where the wind its branches shook.

There an oriole had builded  
His northern summer home,  
And there he was the ruler,  
The elm, his royal throne.

And there you're sure to hear him,  
Sing to the gurgling water,  
If by the brook you roam  
Above its sparkling foam.

Almira Brown, Form 1A

**CANADA'S ANSWER TO THE CALL.**

"Hark ! I hear the bugle sounding !  
'Tis the call to arms, my dear,  
I must go, I will not falter ;  
And I go without a fear."

Thus Canada's men have answered  
The call from the Motherland ;  
And one and all they rallied  
To lend a helping hand.

It wasn't for fame or honour,  
It wasn't for lust of war,  
But because all wanted freedom  
That man should be slave no more.

Many were killed in that conflict  
But they died for the cause of Right ;  
They died with perfect contentment—  
They had helped to fight the fight.

The breezes are stirring the poppies  
Over in Flander's Field,  
And the crosses mark the resting place  
Of those who were Belgium's shield.

Thus will Canada ever answer  
The call from the Motherland ;  
She will always be ready and willing  
To lend a helping hand.

—Doris Lapham, Form 1A

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**MALCOLM AND JEAN**

Young Malcolm was a sailor bold,  
A sailor bold as he could be,  
And he loved bonnie Jeanie Neal  
But he left her to go off to sea.

Said he, "My Jean, I wish to say,  
That I may drowned be at sea,  
E'er I sail o'er the sea so blue,  
And nevermore return to you.

Now Jeanie's heart was sore opprest,  
For she loved Malcolm well,  
And in her dreams at night she'd hear  
The phantoms ring his knell.

Three nights she dreamed the self-same dream  
Of her Malcolm's cruel fate,  
And she could not eat nor rest by day  
For her fears would not abate.

It was seven long years he sailed the sea  
But heard ne'er a word from Jean,  
For she had wed, at her mother's command,  
The scapegrace Don MacKean.

When Malcolm came back from the sea,  
And found that she was wed,  
With mournful mien and accents low,  
"Well, so am I", he said.

Isabelle Harkness, Form 1B

### OLD MINSTRELS

'Twas in the early ages  
In the long years ago,  
Minstrels with harps and voices  
Would often come and go.

They sang of war and battle,  
Of ladies gay and fair,  
Of brave and noble knighthood,  
Of beauty rich and fair.

Of sailors and of soldiers,  
Of outlaws strong and bold,  
Who lurked in glen and forest  
And stole the traveller's gold.

Who told of border warfare,  
Of truce by all men kept,  
Of noble lords and ladies,  
And how they laughed and wept.

Gone are those sweet-voiced singers,  
Their roundelay is stilled;  
I think in dreams I hear those lays  
And by their songs am thrilled.

Dorothy Gowie, Form 1A

### THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Near the banks of the Marne they found him,  
Unknown, nameless was he,  
One of the many thousands  
Who died for liberty.

Who shall e'er tell the story  
Of the life he gladly gave,  
Of the loved ones who are thinking,  
Of him in his unknown grave?

Not as a single soldier,  
But the nation's choice by chance,  
To represent the thousands  
Who lie 'neath the lilies of France.

Selected for this great honour,  
 If his loved ones now were nigh  
 How proud they would be if they knew he lay  
 Where our noblest and bravest lie.

One can imagine the stillness  
 The spirit host hovering near,  
 Over the great procession  
 Following the funeral bier.

Unknown, yet he is honoured  
 As the great men of the land,  
 And hope beats in a thousand hearts  
 As they bear him down the strand.

"Perhaps he was my sweetheart,  
 My husband, brother, son;"  
 And it helps to cheer the lonely heart  
 When the day's work is done.

To Westminster they bear him,  
 Not a single tear was shed,  
 But all felt the honour and glory  
 Given the unknown dead.

Great Britain now has given,  
 The best she had to give,  
 To those unknown warriors sleeping,  
 Who died that she might live.

Near the banks of the Marne they found him,  
 Unknown, nameless was he  
 One of the many thousands  
 Who died for liberty.

—Nadine Paterson, Form 1C

### OFTEN HEARD

- "Yours nose knows,"—Chemistry Room.  
 "His Master's Voice"—Mr. C. L. Brown.  
 "Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"—Frieda Taylor.  
 "Good things to eat."—Wocker's.  
 "A Skin You Love to Touch?"—Banana.  
 "There's a Reason,"—Ollie McGrath and Stewie Bulman.  
 "Watch it grow."—Shrimp Allaire.  
 "I tried 'em all, I'd walk a mile for a camel."—Orv. Johnston.  
 "Tough as a Whale-bone."—S. C. I. Rugby Team.

### PLACES OF INTEREST TO BE VISITED WHEN YOU ARE IN SARNIA

- The Tower of London—S. C. I.  
 The Piraeus—Sarnia Bay.  
 The Field of Mars—Collegiate Campus  
 Theatre of Dionysius—Our Assembly Hall.  
 The Areopagus—City Council Chambers.  
 The Coliseum—The Collegiate Gym.  
 Elysian Fields—Upper School.  
 The Sultan's Harem—Commercial Building.







The number of feminine athletes of the S. C. I. increases every year. Every Tuesday and Thursday after four, such hot disputes arise over possession of the gym., that one would judge 1920-21 to have more than her share of girls sports. Basket-ball seems to be the most popular among the girls, and they use all their energy to make a success of it. As a result, a very strong first and second team has been organized under the able management of Mr. Graham and Miss Oaks. During the last two years, all games have been played by boys' rules, but it has been decided that it is better for girls to follow girls' rules, and although they have great difficulty in doing so, they believe that they will be able to play a much faster game. Two games have been played with outside teams and it is expected that several others will be arranged for soon. Of last year's team only three players remain. L. Fuller and M. Clark are not attending the school this year, but two equally good defense players have been chosen. The Commercial girls have an outdoor court of their own, and by practicing every day have succeeded in forming two strong teams under the supervision of Miss Gordon.

After several attempts were made to organize a hockey team, the girls finally succeeded in having one practise at St. Andrews' Arena.

### The Tournament

Late in the fall a meeting of the Executive of the G. A. A. was called to arrange a basket-ball schedule. It was decided that a tournament should be played, in which every form should take part as the best way to open the basket-ball season and that boys' rules should be followed throughout the series. Accordingly, a schedule was printed and put on the bulletin board. By playing two games a night, the games were finished up in January. The freshies began the series with considerable effort for beginners. 1B proved itself to be the best team among the five forms, and when it clashed against 2B an extremely strong second year team, it lost by one point in a hard fought battle. The 3B team was finally named the school champion, but it had a hard fight for the honour.

3B : E. Dicer, R. Defence; W. Crawford, L. Defence; F. Buckingdale, Centre; F. Taylor, Forward R.; H. Elnor (Capt.) L. Forward; Sub., E. Dier. Referee, Mr. Graham.

### Old Girls, 3; S. C. I., 5.

One of the fastest girls games ever witnessed in our gym was played during the Christmas holidays, when the Old Girls played the S. C. I. From the beginning both teams were determined to win, and went at it hard and furious. To say that the game was rough would be stating a thing rather too mildly. At the end of the first period, both teams were gasping for breath, but recovered sufficiently to go into the last-half harder than ever. M. Dawson scored the three points for the Old Girls and F. Buckindale and L. Fraser the five points for the S. C. I.

Line-up : Old Girls—Guards, L. Fuller, M. Clark; Centre, C. Dawson;



### Girls' Basketball Team

Standing—Miss Oakes, T. Richardson; Sitting—F. Buckindail, R. Simpson, B. Grace (Captain), L. Fraser, G. Sharpe.

Forwards, M. Dawson, R. MacKenzie.

Line-up: S. C. I. —Guards, M. Watson, E. Dicer; Centre, F. Buckindale; Forwards, B. Grace, L. Fraser.

### Marine City 11, Sarnia 20

On the fourth of March a large number of the students crowded along the side lines of the gym to witness the first game the girls played with an outside team this year. As a preliminary game the second team of the Collegiate played the Commercial girls. This game waxed hot and furious as both teams were convinced that they had to win. At the end of full time the score was even and in the overtime the Commercialites won the game by one point.

At the end of the full time of the preliminary game, the game of the evening began between Marine City and Sarnia. Throughout the game the Sarnia centres kept the ball fairly near their own basket. The Sarnia forwards played their usual efficient game and ran up a score faster than the Marine City girls. This team played a good game and lost only through being lighter than the Collegiate team. This first attempt of the Girls Athletic Society to have the game of Girls Basket-ball the event of the evening, and not a preliminary game, was most successful. The line-up for the game was as follows:

Marine City: Forwards, E. Baird, H. Grandy; Centres, A. Foster, A.

McHillan; Guards, F. Weng, M. Arnold; Subs., S. Jones and C. Sichnor.

Sarnia:—Forwards, F. Buckingdale, B. Grace; Centres, L. Fraser, T. Richardson; Guards, R. Simpson, G. Sharpe; Subs., M. McPhail; M. Flesher. Referee: Mr. Graham.

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### MODERN FALSTAFF

Scene—Upper School Classroom, S. C. I., Noon Hour.

Enter Prince LeBel and Poins McGibbon.

Prince—Poke, come hither from yon blackboard, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins—How now, John, what's the matter?

Prince—Sweet Poke, thou hast missed much by not being with me last French space, when Mlle. of the Oakes pulled villainous Gordon's hair—but hold, here comes Sir Tupper.

Poins—Come in Ribs; come in Tallow.

Enter Falstaff Baldwin, Peto Harkness, Bardolph Teskey.

Prince—Welcome, Tupper, welcome. But tell me, why wert thou not here this morning?

Fl.—Well, if 'tis so that thou wishest to know, I shall tell thee. Today is market-day and 'twas necessary for me to make my way thitherwards this morning. Otherwise, John, and I should have been here.

Peto—Thou knowest that is not true.

Fal.—What is not the truth? And if I spake not truly, spit in my face, call me the head of cabbage.

Bard.—Why, Sir Tup, Peto and I waited on you at your door at nine of the clock and 'twas told us thou wert still abed.

Fal.—And who should know if I were abed? Should not I know whether I were up or no? Faith, John, and I told you I was to market.

Prince—Aye, Sir Tup, but still it could not have taken you all of the morning to market. Could'st thou not have come later?

Fal.—Late? Rather, far rather ne'er come at all than that Tup Falstaff, brave Tup Falstaff, noble Tup Falstaff, should enter last of all. Nay, John, my pride could not stand it, though, mark ye, I realize the full value of education.

Bard.—Ah, Tup, I fear thou wert too lazy to exert thyself, for friends knowest thou not Sir Tup needs must set out an hour before assembling time, if he wish not to be late. Such slow progress can he make.

Fal.—Lies, base lies, all. I tell thee, lads, and it pleased me, there be not one here could show me his heels in fair race.

Poins—There now, Sir Tup, I'll try thee.

Fal.—Zounds, thou babbling idiot. Insult me! Dost thou not believe

the word of a gentleman?

Prince.—Yet, Tup, never hast thou exhibited thy skill upon the fields of sport.

Poins.—Come, explain thyself. Why hast thou never come out in tests of physical prowess. And thou art so good in sports why hast thou not backed up the school in this regard?

Fal.—Who art thou to speak thus? On the field of sport, yes, a hero, but when exams come thou turnest thy back on them. Callest thou that backing of the school? A plague upon such backing! O for a smoke! I am a rogue if I have smoked today.

Prine.—To the point, Tup, to the point, thou hast not answered our question.

Fal.—And why should I answer any man and it please me not? Still, as I love thee, John, I shall tell thee, I shall unfold mine inner soul to thee. Why! Yea tell me why, should I romp about yon sandy campus in sportive attire, half nude, I say? Faith and I would die rather than so humble myself, thus to grovel in the muck.

Poins.—Yet, forget not, Sir Tup, hast thou not said that thou couldst beat any man here in fair race?

Fal.—Zounds, and I said it, so I can.

Prince.—Remember once again, you plaguey round man. Forgettest thou the day we two were late to catch a train. Then did we run a good three hundred yards. And when I reached the train, I turned and saw Sir Tupper with hundred yet to go. And yet, thou knotty-pated fool, still sayest thou that thou can'st beat me?

Fal.—Sblood, and so I can. Didst not thou realize that when we two ran for yon rascally train we strove under the eyes of the public. Think, John, what would it mean if I had run my best and bettered thee? Why, the school would have become a laughing stock, if thou, her boasted athlete, wert beaten by me with all my flesh. Yea, John, rather than have thee thus despised, did I hold myself back, and for the sake of the school did I miss my train. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life. I for an unselfish patriot and thou for a true athlete. But, faith, I'm glad we're all now safe arrived.

(Bell rings).

Peto.—So let's away to the Physics room.

(Exeunt)

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### S. C. I. PROVERBS

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Look before you sit.

An hour's study in time saves nine.

Where your books are, there should your mind be also.

Better never, than late. (Contributed by Upper School.)

Too many parties spoil the school work.

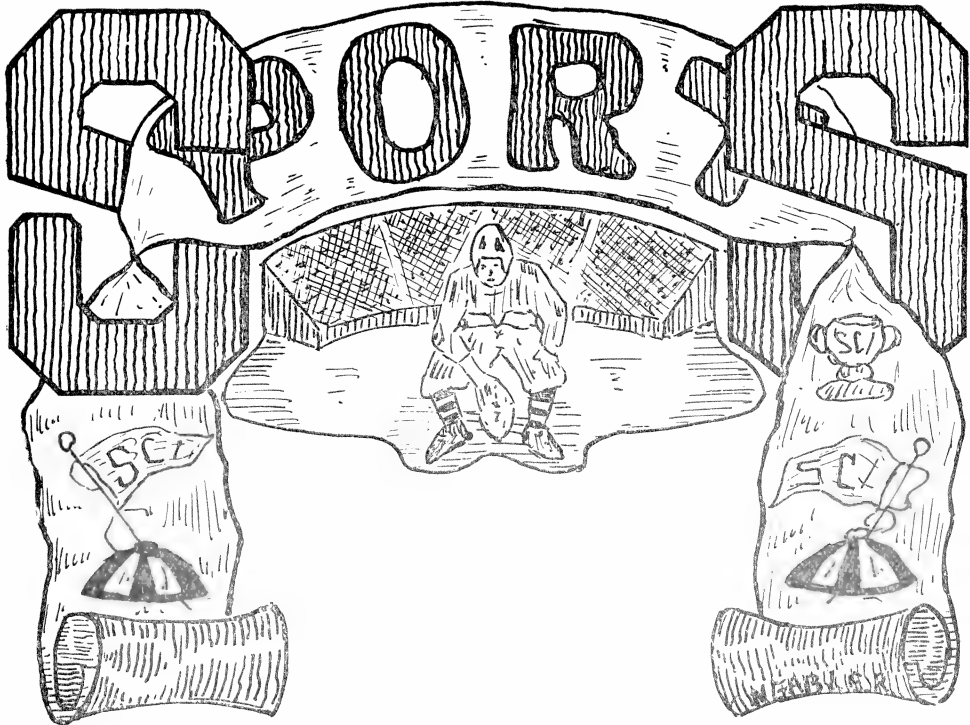
People who value sixty cents shouldn't throw chalk.

A date in your head is worth two in a book.

Play while you work.

Consider the students of Upper School; they study hard, therefore do they pass.

Laugh and grow fat. (Contributed by J. A. Baldwin.



### INTRODUCTION

The year of nineteen hundred and twenty will go down in the history of our Sarnia Collegiate as the most successful athletic year it has ever known. Well may '20 be referred to as the "championship year" for our teams have achieved success and to our school has come honour, and an enviable place in the athletic world.

The pride in the victories of our teams is shared, not only by the players but by every student in the school, by the men who comprise the school-board and by the whole city in general. We were never aware that the people of Sarnia took such an interest in our activities until we witnessed the generous manner in which the victorious home-coming football team was welcomed by the citizens.

Knowing that we have the confidence and interest of these people the students of our school must endeavour to uphold the reputation which we have gained. It may be that we shall not always meet with such success as has fallen to our lot during the past year, but it is not altogether a question of winning but whether we go down fighting that counts.

### RUGBY NOTES

At the S. C. I. as in most institutions of its kind the grand old game of football is divided into two branches, one made up of those who play, the other of those who predict. Even while the memory of the final game is fresh in the minds of the rest of the school the wiseacres or dopesters, as they are better known to the world of sport, are turning over in their minds the prospects for the coming year. They worry and fret from morn till night over material, the persons capable of being captain, and a host of other things.

If you had conversed with any of these numerous gentlemen a few days after the Hamilton C. I. had forced us to bow to a bitter defeat in '19, they

would have told you without the least hesitation that the 1920 team would sweep the province. As the final exams drew near some of their nice calculations were knocked out of plumb when several of the '19 veterans signified their intentions of not returning in the fall.

The dopesters were only consoled by the thought of the second team of '19. Surely there must be some few among the fourteen who with proper seasoning could be induced to the stage where they would absorb some football. Their spirits were greatly revived when at the Rugby Banquet, Jack Newton consented to act as coach again, and McGibbon was re-elected captain.

No sooner had the school opened than the cave man in the more eager ones began to clamour for immediate practices. No words can describe their state of mind when McGibbon ordered the first round-up. The candidates who turned out the first night as far as uniforms were concerned were as motley a crowd as ever filled any German prison camp. Once the hard grind of the nightly practices had begun, the squad was narrowed down to those who knew football, and talked football and thought football and those who were more than anxious to get into that class.

#### **Sarnia C. I. 0; Old Boys 10**

At the S. C. I. we are strong for keeping up old customs. Thus it came about that a game was arranged between the school team and the old boys on the Saturday on which it was most convenient for the latter to get away from their wives and children. The team journeyed up to Bayview Park, confident of their own ability to beat the old-timers, but great was the consternation when we saw drawn up in battle array a few members of the Varsity seconds, reinforced by a few more of the Sarnia Intermediates, and backed up by Red Caldwell, who as secret service corps, has been out practising with the school team for the past several evenings. Of course it was understood to be a friendly little game, with nothing but brass knuckles and iron-toed boots barred. There was some little difficulty about the marking of the field when it was found to be laid out for soccer. However, this was overcome by each player being placed on his honour to remain within the limits which his conscience dictated. As the day was stifling hot, the game had to be interrupted every now and then to revive some old boy who was on the verge of fainting either from the heat, or the odious decisions of the referee. The game went on for some time until the old boys, with Lady Luck on their side, sneaked over for a touchdown.

Just to show the old timers that they didn't care, the school team slowed up and gave the enemy another touchdown. Then to prove to them that they had been only fooling, the defenders of the school tightened up, and gave them no more for the rest of the game.

#### **Sarnia C. I. 34; Woodstock College 0.**

The new manager, Ted Newton, lost no time in getting into touch with outside teams and as a result, the Woodstock College team journeyed to Sarnia to try their mettle. The Woodstock fourteen were an unknown quantity, and as they had the edge on Sarnia as far as weight was concerned, everyone expected a close game from start to finish. After the first few scrimmages, it was evident that the Woodstock team was outclassed by our more smoothly operating machine. The visitors suffered a severe set-back in the first half, when Jackson, who was relied on as their strong line plunger, was forced to retire from the game through injuries. The Sarnia line plungers went through time after time for yards and our trick formations completely baffled the more inexperienced Woodstock men. Second, the Woodstock Captain, was the big man for his team, but the



Sarnia ends kept him well in check. Newton and Teskey proved their ability as line plungers in this game.

#### **Sarnia C. I. 28; St. Thomas 1.**

The first game of the O. R. F. U. schedule was played in Sarnia with our old friends St. Thomas C. I. The weatherman must have held an old standing grudge against both teams, for they met on a gridiron where rubber boots would have been more appropriate than cleated shoes. St. Thomas were bent on avenging the defeats of '19, and their grim determination to win made a good game inevitable.

The St. Thomas team found the muddy field not to their liking and soon Sarnia had opened the scoring. At the end of the first half it was noticeable that both teams were finding the bad field hard going. In the second half, the punch seemed to have gone out of the St. Thomas attack and Sarnia took the opportunity to increase their lead. On one of Johnson's long kicks St. Thomas scored their solitary point. The strong point of the St. Thomas team lay in Johnson's kicking and in the line work of Shaw and Dawdy. Our own team showed a lack of condition which brought forth some caustic remarks from the coach. Heyes did not get the distance on his punts that Johnson showed, but his speedier work and the Sarnia half line's practice of returning every kick, held their opponents at a standstill throughout the game.

#### **Sarnia C. I. 16; St. Thomas C. I. 6**

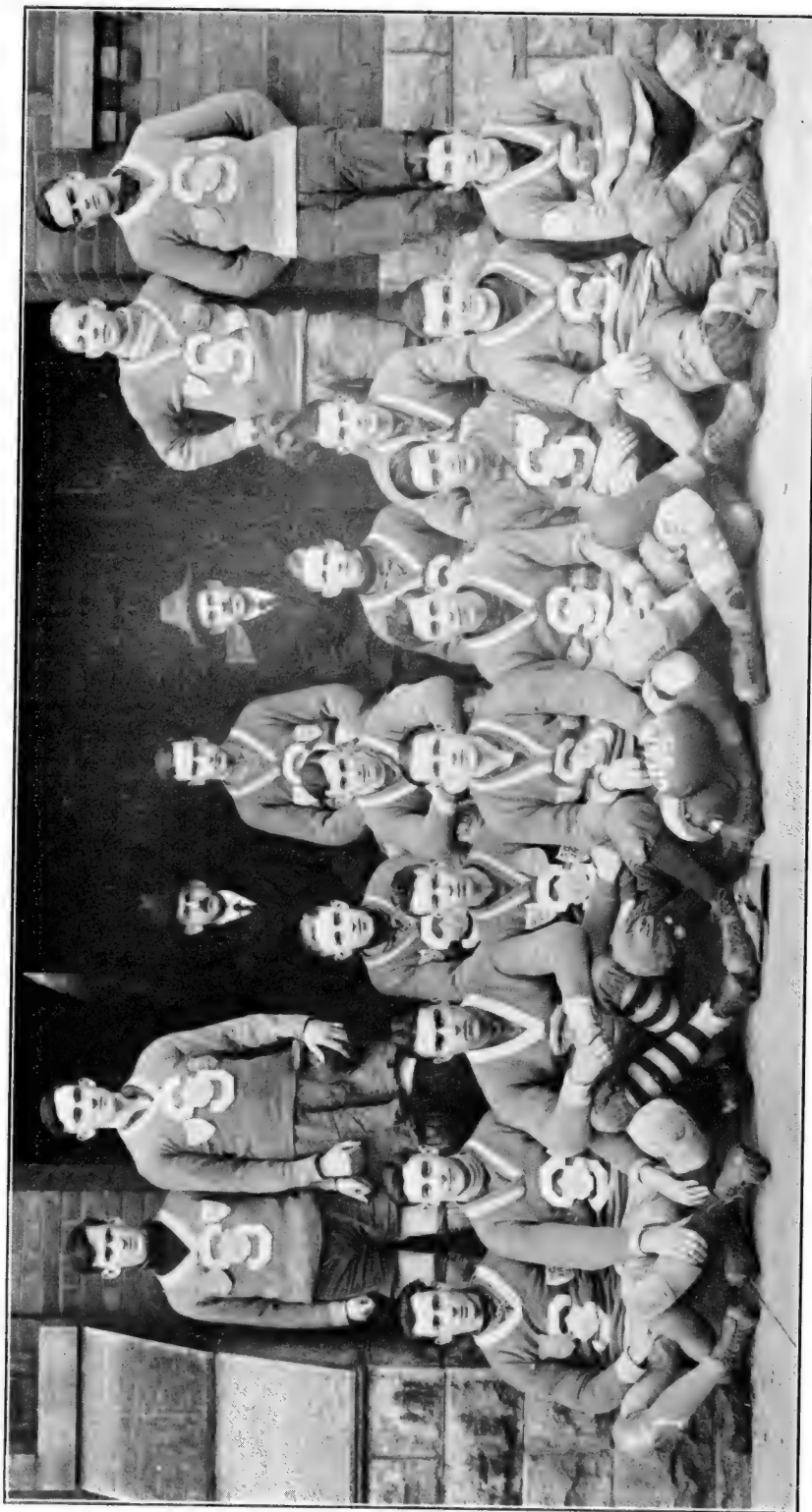
One week later the Sarnia team met St. Thomas on the latter's field. The weather director was still on the outs with the rivals, and some of the spectators must have thought that the play was for the "Championship of the North Pole." The field was frozen hard as flint, allowing no alibi from St. Thomas about muddy fields. Probably with this in mind the St. Thomas team set out to clean Sarnia's works. In the first half St. Thomas used their line buckers every time they received possession of the ball. Several times they had a touchdown within reach, only to see the Sarnia defence stiffen up and throw them for a loss. Through the latter part of the last half with the wind in their backs St. Thomas turned their lengthy punter loose and the crowd had the satisfaction of seeing him kick six points, one after another, while the Sarnia half-backs, helpless, watched the ball sailing over their heads past the dead line.

The whole Sarnia team showed an improvement in this game. Garvey, Richardson and McGibbon made the game extremely interesting for the St. Thomas players. Hayes kicked one of the prettiest field goals seen in a long time. The St. Thomas line gave their kicker better protection than in the first game and as a consequence he turned in a brilliant exhibition.

#### **Sarnia C. I. 22; Galt C. I. 1**

With the memory of the 16-1 defeat burning under their helmets, Sarnia trotted out on the snow-covered field at Tecumseh Park, London, with a crippled team and an unchristianlike desire for revenge. Galt appeared on the scene with a team that was much heavier than Sarnia's and with serene confidence in their ability to eliminate their easy victims of '19. At the sound of the whistle the fray was on, from which Sarnia emerged victorious. In the second quarter Sarnia suffered an irreparable loss when Stan Teskey's leg was broken in stopping a Galt attack. With no substitute to play the middle wing Pugh was shifted from inside wing to middle while Donohue filled in at inside. The Sarnia points began to accumulate rapidly. Time and again the Sarnia halves extended for long gains around the ends while the line held their end wings powerless. The Galt quarterback called on their line crushers at every opportunity to smash into the





### INTERSCHOLASTIC O. R. F. U. CHAMPIONS

Back row—J. Currie, Bill Donohue, Principal C. L. Brown, Captain Ken McGibbon, Coach J. Newton, N. Gabler, W. Potter. Centre row—G. Simpson, J. B. LeBel, R. Hayes, H. Corey. Front row—F. Simpson, S. Teskey, F. Pugh, H. Randolph, J. Richardson, S. Manore, C. Parkes, Ted Newton, C. Garvey.

Sarnia defense for yards, only to see their men held without gaining an inch. Traynor, the Galt centre-half, would then attempt to save the day by his unusually good kicking, but rarely did his line allow him sufficient time to get the kick away, before the Sarnia men had ripped through and blocked the punt. In this game the Sarnia back field was the sensation, although their gains were possible only because of the protection given by the line. Traynor played the best game for the losers.

#### **Sarnia C. I. 9; De LaSalle 8 Champions**

When Sarnia succeeded in eliminating Galt in the semi-finals, they knew well that the hardest game of their lives was before them in one week. De LaSalle had defeated Hamilton, the Sarnia conquerors of '19, who were recognized as a high class foot ball organization.

There were only four nights to acquire the necessary staying power, and th team deserves every credit for the hard work they packed into that short space of time. The two teams met on Tecumseh Park in London on a field that left little to be desired. De LaSalle got possession of the ball on the kick-off. In a few minutes it seemed that Sarnia was doomed to another defeat. The opposing line played Sarnia team off their feet, and steadily worked down the field toward the Sarnia touch-line. Fortunately, at this stage Sarnia recovered the ball and when two bucks failed to gain yards, Hayes kicked. The ball was caught by Cawkell, the De LaSalle centre half, who amazed the Sarnia team and all the spectators by his speed and ability to plough through the tacklers. Sarnia scored first when two points were gained on rouges. De LaSalle took the ball down the length of the field by a series of bucks and outside kicks. Then yards from the Sarnia touchline, De LaSalle first down, Sarnia staged the most wonderful recovery sen in years. In three smashes through the line, Cawkell, their wonder man, missed putting it over by six inches. Sarnia received the ball and the signal was called for a kick formation. Hayes, stood waiting to receive the pass, Richardson put his heel to the ball and the whole De La Salle attack centred on one point, striving to break through and block the kick. As Hayes received the pass, Rodden worked through. Taking no chances, the Sarnia man, instead of kicking, attempted to run the ball out, but was thrown just inside his own line, netting the enemy two points.

The score remained tied until just before half-time, when one of the De LaSalle half backs secured a touch on what looked a lot like a forward pass. The referee allowed the play, and half-time found the Sarnia boys at the wrong side of the scoring column. In the second period, the Sarnia line held their opponents down to smaller gains. The fast going was beginning to tell on the De LaSalle team, while Sarnia opened up speedier than ever. Sarnia worked the ball up into De LaSalle territory. Fifteen yards to go, an offside on the opposing team and Sarnia received ten yards and first down. McGibbon called for a buck by Pugh which failed to advance Sarnia. Then everything was hushed while the Sarnia quarter called the signals. The ball moved. The Sarnia scrimmage shot forward and across and McGibbon went through a hole as big as a house for a touchdown. The ball was carried out to the twenty-five yard line and at what looked like an impossible angle, held for the convert. Hayes kicked and the ball sailed fairly through the uprights. Sarnia was one point up with five minutes to go.

De LaSalle gave everything they had to even the score and were rewarded when Hayes was forced to rouge. At full time the score was tied, necessitating ten minutes overtime. The play see-sawed back and

forth, neither side gaining the advantage. Sarnia returned everyone of Cawkell's kicks. At the end of the ten minutes the score was still tied. After a short rest the teams went back on the field for another ten minutes. With the time more than half gone, De LaSalle kicked from their own territory. McGibbon caught the punt and quick as a flash returned. Cawkell stood ten yards behind his own line and caught the return. The last over-time had taken the steam out of their star, and he had no time to run it out before the Sarnia team were on him and the championship was won.

### CHAMPIONS

Immediately after the final whistle had blown that proclaimed Sarnia Collegiate Interscholastic Champions,—things began to happen. The many supporters who had made the trip with the team, had, by a superhuman effort, kept off the field when the winning point was scored. Then they started out to celebrate the way a real, twenty-four karat celebration ought to be celebrated. The members of the team were hoisted to the shoulders of their followers and the procession started down town. The enthusiasm of the revellers seemed to be contagious. Staid old gentlemen who had journeyed down to see their sons and grandsons do battle, were among the noisiest of the crowd. The rooters fell into snake walk formation and proceeded to tie up the traffic on London's main highways. The parade broke up for the time being to allow the players to go to the "Y" and off their war togs for the more comfortable garments of ordinary life. Never did such perfect harmony reign as on the trip home that night. Every one was absolutely at peace with everyone else.

Then when the train pulled into the old town, and, amid the cheering and excitement, the boys stepped off the train to be given the hand on every side, the feelings of the team were expressed in the words of one who said, "We suddenly realized what it is to live in a real town."

The players were taken in cars up town, where the celebration was raging at its worst. At some one's instigation the boys were taken around to the stage entrance of the Imperial Theatre and without knowing just what the big idea was, were induced to the stage and formally introduced to the highly enthusiastic audience.

The memorable night was concluded with a banquet in the Commerce Cafe, given by the Intermediate Rugby Club, who supported the Collegiate in such a way as to make them always fast friends.

The School Board, not to be outdone by anyone in expressing their appreciation, immediately granted the whole school a holiday in celebration of the great event. That afternoon, the team were the guests of Mr. Glintz of the Griffin Theatre. In the evening a banquet was given to the team, followed by a theatre party by Mr. John Myers.

### Sarnia C. I. 9; Northview 10

On the Saturday following the Championship game, Sarnia C. I. met the Toronto Northviews to decide the Junior Championship of Ontario. Sarnia Collegiate has captured the Interscholastic title different times before but the Champions have never played off for the Junior honors. In fact this has hardly ever occurred. The Junior Championship has been contested on very few occasions only by Toronto teams, holding the Interscholastic Championship.

The Bayview Park field was in an impossible condition but through the assistance of the Sarnia Athletic Club the goal-posts were moved to the Athletic field and everything put in readiness for the big game.

At 1.30 o'clock, on the most miserable day that the S. C. I. fourteen had met with for many a year, the game commenced. The Northviews

team so greatly outweighed the students that the rain soaked spectators along the side lines expected the more powerful team to easily swamp the Sarnia defenders.

Northview secured the ball on the kick-off. With one look at the stubborn line of blue and white which faced him, Tracey Shaw, the Northview quarterback, called for Lehto, the big inside wing, to crash his way through for a fifteen yard gain. With this first play it was evident to the opposing teams and to the excited on-lookers who crowded the side lines, that unless the Sarnia line could accomplish the almost impossible feat of stemming the progress of the opposing line plungers the game was lost. Northview bucked half the length of the field only to lose the ball on an interference play. Then came the test of the light, speedy, Sarnia team. A straight buck was tried without success. Then suddenly hope was revived in the Sarnia supporters when McGibbon flashed through centre for a thirty yard gain. With a series of trick plays Sarnia advanced the ball to within a few yards of Northview touchline, there to see the Toronto team recover the ball on a fumble. Towards the end of the first quarter Northview recovered the ball and their line plungers carried it within ten yards of the Sarnia goal. That "the first blow is half the battle" was well demonstrated when Lehto, taking the ball, slipped around the end, without touching a Sarnia man. The ball was carried out and Northview secured another point on an easy convert. Sarnia's only answer was to come back and hold Northview scoreless until the period ended.

In the second period Sarnia adopted a kicking game at which they more than held their own with Northview. Hayes kicked to Thoms who, standing behind his own line, fumbled the catch. Four Sarnia men tried for the bounding ball. Finally, Garvey was successful, only to find that it was a few inches outside the dead line, netting Sarnia only one point. In the third quarter the Sarnia Scrimmage broke through and blocked Thoms' punt. LeBel outsprinted the Northview back-field, fell on the ball inside their line, and secured Sarnia's only touchdown. Toronto then forced Sarnia to rouge three times in succession. The Sarnia team rallied in the last period and just before the final whistle Thoms was tackled behind his line for the tying point. Ten minutes' overtime was agreed upon. After a short rest the game was started. Then Sarnia received the fatal blow when the battered line began to weaken from the incessant gruelling received in stopping the three-man bucks which Northview used at every opportunity, and when Richardson, who had played a stellar defense game, had to be carried off after an injury which rendered him helpless. With great difficulty the Sarnia line held against the attack but Hayes did not get the protection and his punts were necessarily hurried. Northview returned every kick. The Toronto team fell back in kick formation and their line held while the Sarnia line and Scrimmage tried vainly to break through and block the punt. With ends well down on McGibbon, Thoms kicked and then the Sarnia Captain was forced to rouge. Thus the season closed with perhaps the bitterest defeat that any of our teams ever suffered.



## PERSONNEL OF THE "CHAMPS"

**Capt. "Poke" McGibbon**

A real leader in every sense of the word and one of the most aggressive players turned out by the S. C. I. in years.

**Manager Ted Newton**

One of the "Old Timers" A consistent ground gainer and a stonewall defense man in the middle-wing position.

**"Chic" Garvey**

A stellar end. "Chic" was a sudden-death tackle and a great man for gathering in the onside kicks.

**Jack Richardson**

A centre-scrim without an equal. Strong and aggressive and the rock on which the enemy assaults beat in vain.

**"Johnnie" LeBel**

A light and speedy centre-half, a first class tackle and the steadiest champions of them all.

**Harry Randolph**

Harry played the side scrimmage exceptionally well. A great man at making a hole and always dependable.

**"Dutch" Simpson**

A flying wing who could "fly" with the best of them and a sure tackle.

**"Hib" Corey**

A new man who by his tackling and ability at running in a broken field won the right half position.

**"Slats" Manore**

Our handy man. Played three different positions and left nothing to be desired in any place which he was called upon to fill.

**"Buzz" Hayes**

A tricky half-man, strong on head-work and as a punter one of the La Salle men expressed it exactly when he said, "He sure can put them where we ain't."

**"Stan" Teskey**

A lineman of the first order. A good gainer and always willing to step into an enemy line play. Unfortunately Stan was injured in the Galt game and his absence was very keenly felt in the finals.

**"Freddie" Pugh**

A last season's find, fell naturally into the middle wing position. When Teskey was injured Freddie could make a terrific try for a few badly needed yards.

**Neal Gabler**

One of last year's line stars. The Jinx settled on Gabler in the guise of sickness until the final game when he stepped in to a nasty breach at the inside-wing.

**Jack Currie**

One of the celebrated second team of '19. Was a speedy ball carrier and a slippery man to get. Only lack of weight prevented Jack from a regular place on the half line.

**Bill Donohue.**

A star utility man who was never so happy as when fighting tooth and nail against the enemy. Made good at scrim in the two final games.

**Walter Potter**

The elongated inside wing who showed unusual speed. A hard worker, though through sickness could not participate in the finals.

**Fred Simpson**

A very elusive end. Though handicapped by his lack of weight he turned out to be a speedy and effective man.

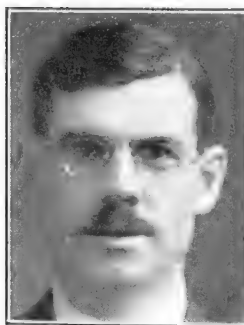
**"Tubby" Parkes**

An inside - wing who broke no sprinting records but who once under way could wade through an opposing line.



**Orv. Johnston**

A fast half-back of '19. Orv. was a speedy ball-carrier, a sure tackler and a first class punter. At the first of last season, Orv. met our celebrated Hoodoo one evening and was out of the game for the rest of the year with a crippled arm.

**Jack Newton**

The coach of '19 and '20, and an old Captain of Toronto Varsity. It was due to Jack's untiring efforts that the Championship finally rested with our boys. We can hope for nothing better than that he will guide our teams to many more successful seasons in years to come.

### FOOTBALL NOTES

Our old enemy the Jinx may be well satisfied with his work of last season, although we were finally successful. At the very first of the football year, one of our star half backs was put out of the game through injuries. Orv. Johnston, centre-half of '19 and one of the best ever turned out of the school, met with an accident while out practising. Walter Potter, a new man, who filled the inside wing position remarkably well, contracted scarlet fever and played only in the district games. Another bit of work of which our pet hoodoo may be well proud was the accident which put Stanley Teskey, a first class middle wing, out of the games. Because of their hard training, the substitutes who stepped into the gaps were able to carry on like veterans.

\* \* \* \*

At the Commencement Exercises the whole team was the recipient of a handsome silver shield donated by Mr. Goodison of the school-board. This shield will hang in the hall of our school not only as a reminder of the Championship team but more forcibly to recall the fine support of our school board as a body and as individuals.

If anything further were needed to prove the school-board's appreciation of the team's achievement, it was the presentation of the shields and crests which took place some time after the Christmas holidays.

The members of the team are taking this opportunity to sincerely thank all those gentlemen (and ladies too, for didn't our girls parade Front Street in a snake-walk?), for the loyal support, without which victory would have been impossible.

### The Second Team

There is one organization connected with the sporting activities of our school which never receives enough credit for its splendid work. The second team of '20 was composed largely of fellows who had played on the famous scrub team of '19 and who, though unsuccessful in securing the place on the first team, were out every night, taking the pounding with the best of goodwill. Let it be understood that these fellows don't have any

pink tea of it getting under a nasty looking line buck out there on our guaranteed one hundred proof Portland cement campus. The majority of the men on the 1920 Champs served their apprenticeship with the second team and they all say that it is the only way to learn the game. Last season our second team did not achieve great prominence because many of its players were drafted to fill up with the Firsts when our old-time accident hoodoo started getting in a little work. Next year we shall have a second team which will make a football game exceedingly unpleasant for any junior fourteen. In years gone by, there was always a third team on the campus and we should like to see that defunct body resurrected next fall.

### **City League Football**

Last season saw the beginning of the city league football series in Sarnia. The Collegiate second team was entered in one of these groups. The rules of the league made the age limit twenty-one, thus admitting many players who were in age and weight so much superior to the second team material that in the games the seconds were generally reinforced by a few members of the first team. In one of the critical games of the season, the opposing team stated their desire to play the Collegiate Seniors, thinking the seconds no match for them. At the beginning of the season a game was arranged between the second team and Petrolia High School.

#### **Sarnia 5; Petrolia 1**

The S. C. I. seconds met the Petrolia High Team on their own field. Petrolia had the better of the play in the first half but Sarnia came back in the second and the game ended with a four point lead for the visitors. The Petrolia team showed their genuine sportsmanship by banquetting the Sarnia team after the game.

#### **Sarnia 16; Petrolia 0**

In the return game in Sarnia, Petrolia was held scoreless while Sarnia ran up sixteen points. The Sarnia line won the game against their lighter opponents. Collins for Petrolia was the outstanding star in both games.

#### **Sarnia 1; Bear Cats 16**

In the first city league game the seconds went down to defeat by a nine point margin. The Bear Cats had no difficulty in making yards through their opponents' line.

#### **Sarnia 10; Point Edward 5**

The second team defeated Point Edward at Bayview Park one night after school. Sarnia secured two touchdowns in the first quarter and held Point Edward in check until the last quarter when the Point Edward centre half sneaked over for a shady touchdown when the moon went down behind a cloud, cutting off the light supply.

#### **Sarnia C. I. 34; Wanderers 0.**

The hardest game of the city league was played when the Collegiate Firsts met the Wanderers. The Wanderers relied mainly on a heavy line and could not hold the Sarnia back-field down. The speedy Collegiate half-backs did most of the scoring although the Collegiate line proved a great surprise to their opponents.

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### **HOCKEY**

Hockey has always held a position as one of the premier sports of the S. C. I.

The winning of the City League Championship last year by the Col-



legiate defenders gave rise to added enthusiasm at the annual meeting. Three members of the championship team had left school but there were any number of younger fellows who were anxious to try out for the position. The first great difficulty was over when Prout consented to wear the pads again for the blue and white. In the City League this year the group system was dropped and it was so arranged that every team should meet each one of the others.

Up until the night of their first game the Collegiate had had very little practise owing to the mild weather. The Wanderers were scheduled to meet the S. C. I. This was expected to be one of the critical games of the league. At the end of the first period there was little doubt left as to which was the better hockey team. Garvey, Hayes and LeBel outskated and outstretched their oponents on every rush. Eddie Robison a new man proved the sensation of the game.

The Collegiate scored first when Robinson stick-handled his way through the Wanderers and beat their goaler in the shot. Prout played a brilliant game nipping some nasty shots from the Wanderers marksmen. Garvey as usual had no equal for speed on the ice. The final score read 9-2 in favour of the Collegiate.

#### **Bear Cats 4; S. C. I. 3**

In their second game the Collegiate met the Bear Cats on an ice surface that was rather more than damp in many spots. The heavy going slowed up the Collegiate speeders considerably, giving the Bear Cats a decided advantage. The student wings got through the Bear Cats defence several times only to be robbed of their victory by McGrath who held forth in the nets for the South Ward Team.

At full time the score was tied necessitating ten minutes overtime. Both teams struggled hard to break th tie. Finally one of the Bear Cats took a pass in front of the Collegiate goal and pushed in the winning tally giving Prout no chance to save.

#### **Veterans 2; S. C. I. 4**

The Collegiate sextette were rewarded by a win in their next City League fixture. Collegiate met the Veterans on a sloppy sheet of ice which rendered any attempt at combination imposible. The puck was floated back and forth with the score tied until the third quarter, when the Collegiate stepped out and scored two in quick succession. Howard, a former Collegiate wing man, then worked through the defence, and burned one past Prout. Before the final bell Collegiate chalked up another, leaving the final score 4-2 the way we like to see it.

#### **Collegiate 1; Point Edward 4**

In the last game of the City League the Collegiate suffered defeat before Point Edward. With only the Collegians between them and the Cup, Point Edward was determined to win. But if Point Edward was determined, they were matched against a team that was equally so. The sloppy condition of the ice made it very hard going for Collegiate.

A few seconds after the face-off a Point Edward man got a lucky shot and put it past the wary Collegiate goaler. Before the period ended they had gained another on a flukey looking attempt. In the second period Point Edward tallied again. The Collegiate with a last effort in the third period placed their whole team on the forward line and drove the puck in for their single tally. With their "Never beaten" for a slogan they played furiously until the final bell, and strove to lessen their opponents' lead, but without success.



#### HOCKEY TEAM, 1920—1921

Back Row—Jack Richardson, Ken McGibbon, Principal C. L. Brown, Buzz Hayes, Eddie Robinson. Front Row—Stan. Teskey, Stan. Manore, Harry Prout, Captain Chick Garvey, Neal Gabler, Johnny LeBel.

### Hockey Notes

While we lost possession of the cup this year the team played with the old championship "stuff" and were in the money all the time right up to the final game.

"Daddy" Prout as usual, retired for good after the championship was won but as usual he could not resist the pitiful appeals of the students and was back in the net stopping them as they came and rarely letting one slip by.

The energetic manager of the team in his spare moments was in the habit of donning the pads and making a few attempts at Benedict's crown. John is bound he will land a berth on the mythical All-Star team.

Collegiate was well represented in Intermediate hockey last season. Garvey and Hayes were on the regular line-up of Sarnia's Intermediates and McGibbton performed on one occasion.

### BASKET BALL

Hardly was the football season concluded than the supporters of the S. C. I. indoor game began to talk basket ball. Following the time-honored custom a meeting was called at which John LeBel was chosen captain and Charley Brown was the choice of all for manager. Mr. Southcombe, enterprising member of the faculty consented to coach the team. Of last year's team Howard and Sproule had ended their career at the S. C. I. with the June exams and Johnson was unable to play. The prospects of having a winning team were none too bright, but with four of last season's regulars and the scrub team to depend upon, action was forthcoming immediately.

During the Christmas holidays the annual game between the school team and the Old Boys was played. The school had had only a few short weeks of practise and consequently the crack forwards for the Old Boys had no difficulty in sifting through and scoring at will. McDougall, Gray, Ferguson and a few others who had only been playing basketball for the last decade were the stars for the Old Boys. In one respect the students were the superiors of their opponents. Several of the Old Boys appeared to be a little shy on condition but their practise of alternating their dozen substitutes kept them going.

#### Chatham 15; S. C. I. 20

Their first game with an outside team was staged when Chatham Five came to Sarnia to take on the S. C. I. team. The teams raced through the forty minutes at top speed and the final whistle showed the score 20-15 with Sarnia on the long end.

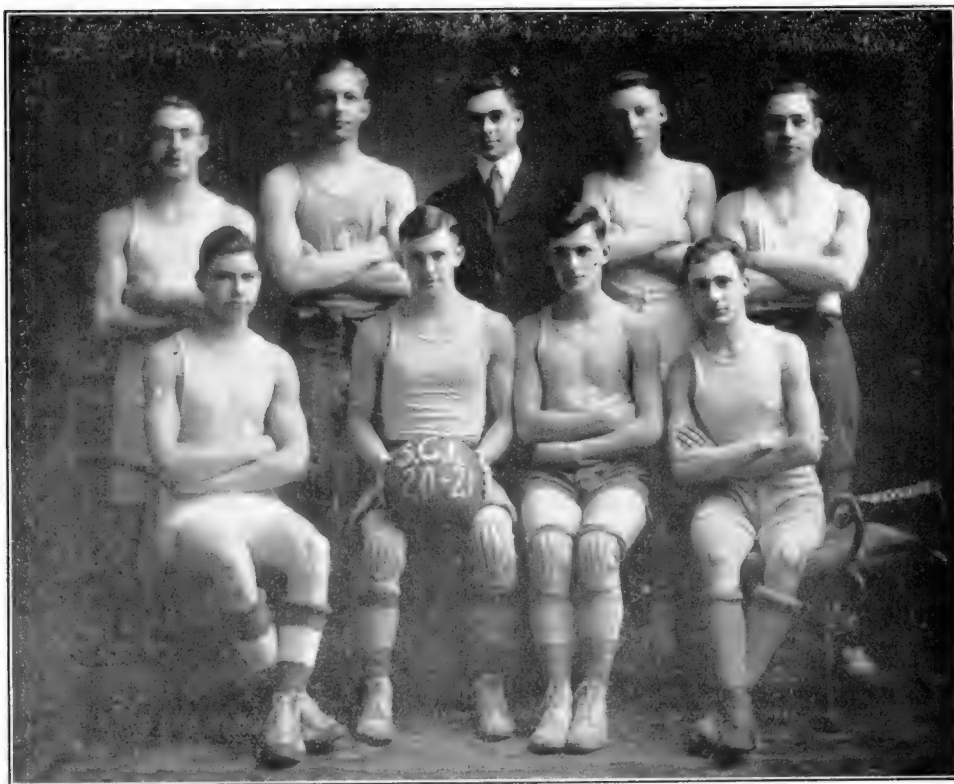
After the game the visitors were entertained by a dance in the Assembly Hall. The game and dance will remain long in the memories of those present, as one of the most successful affairs of the year.

#### At Chatham

Chatham met Sarnia in the return game the following week. The Chatham aggregation put up a stronger battle on their own floor and at the end were two points up on the game. Thus Sarnia won the round by 3 points.

#### At Marine City

In an exhibition game with Marine City High School the S. C. I. met the worst defeat of the year. The Marine City gymnasium was equipped with a waxed dancing floor and the Sarnia forwards entertained the crowd with their sensational slides which generally came to an abrupt stop against the opposite wall while the Marine City man continued serenely on his way.



### BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Standing—H. Corey, N. Gabler, Mr. Southcombe, L. Sproule, C. Brown.  
Sitting—H. McCobb, J. B. LeBel (Captain), J. Currie, F. Simpson.

#### Strathroy—S. C. I.

In the first of series of home and home games, Strathroy Collegiate met the S. C. I. five at Sarnia. The Strathroy team displayed a speedy forward line and tricky combination. Sexton, their lengthy centre man, continually penetrated the Sarnia guard. In this game a few members of the second team were used and made a creditable showing against their heavier adversaries.

The second game of the series was played in Strathroy. The Sarnia guards were more effective in this game and the Strathroy forwards were kept well outside the danger zone. Sarnia led the scoring till near the end of the game when Nicholson for Strathroy scored the winning baskets.

#### Marine City 18; Sarnia 8

The best game of the season was played on Feb. 26, when Sarnia met Marine City in the second of their games. The American Team outweighed the Collegians and their speed kept the Sarnia Team always in difficulty. In the last half Sarnia made a great attempt to cut down the visitors lead and the spectators were treated to some classy basketball. The game was the cleanest exhibition seen all year.

\* \* \* \*

Throughout the season the team was handicapped by the loss of Harry McCobb, one of the star forwards and Captain of the previous year's team. "Mick" injured his foot in one of the games and was obliged to hobble

around on one foot for several weeks.

\* \* \* \*

The interform basket ball games were on the program as of yore. A second team was organized with Eddie Robinson as captain and played two out of town games.

An outlaw team known as the Doughnuts came into being toward the middle of the season. This team played or rather fought several games with the seconds.

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### SARNIA C. I.—PORT HURON TRACK MEET

An International Track Meet was arranged late in the spring between the athletes of Sarnia Collegiate and Port Huron High School. School was dismissed earlier than usual and the events were run off in the afternoon. Port Huron brought over some speedy athletes and Sarnia was for a time in considerable difficulty but the final totalling of the teams' points showed the Canadians to be the winners.

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### WESTERN ONTARIO TRACK MEET

On May 24th the second great honour of the championship year came to Sarnia Collegiate. In competition with the crack athletes of Western Ontario "prep" schools the Sarnia track team came to the fore and defeating all opposition, won the coveted trophies which signify athletic supremacy in Junior and Senior ranks.

The Sarnia squad were conceded only a small chance of capturing the honours, but by one of the finest examples of unselfish team play and some brilliant individual work they emerged victorious and by doing so they placed their school in the gallery of athletic renown.

The meet was held under the auspices of Western University and was supervised by Mel Brock of that institution.

The events were divided into two classes, one trophy being emblematic of the Western Ontario championship of all the Lower Schools and the other signifying the Upper School victory.

In the Senior contest LeBel scored the majority of Sarnia's points. In winning the 120 yard high hurdles and the 220 sprint the field-day champion of 19-20 laid the first hold on the trophy. "Stan" Teskey caused no little sensation when he vaulted over the bar just a little too high for the nearest contender and added another five points to the Sarnia total. Manore took second place in the 880 yd. event and third in the mile grind. Sarnia secured another point when McGibbon came third in the 440 yard run.

The team representing Sarnia Lower School was too speedy for their opponents. Orv Johnson displayed some spectacular ability in winning the high jump, being second in the running broad jump and third in the 220 dash. Williams, a newcomer, landed second place in the 440. Gabler contributed three more points by running second in the 880 while Williams caught third place gaining one more. In the relay race the Sarnia team secured a point on a fourth and Corey secured  $\frac{1}{2}$  point by his shot put.

The Sarnia teams were successful because of their ability to work together in a legitimate way, although the excellent work of the "cracks" gave some very welcome and substantial additions to the totals. The teams were assisted to victory by their indefatigable trainer, rubber, supporter and protector, Mr. John Richardson.

The following day a meeting was held at the school at which everyone was present including our magnanimous school board. A number of

addresses were given, all complimenting the teams on their merited success. Then, with true generosity the chairman of the school board rose to his feet and declared a general holiday in celebration of the Victory.

The same evening the teams were the guests of the Imperial Theatre. After the performance the athletes were still inclined to celebrate until one of their number was "pinched" for attempting to assassinate a member of Sarnia's police force with a giant firecracker.



**Senior and Junior Championship Track Teams, Western Ontario, 1920**  
 Back row—Mr. Graham, W. Miller, E. Hanna, J. Richardson. Centre row—E. Williams,  
 D. Howard, C. Manore, G. Carr, N. Gabler, K. McGibbon, K. Sproule. Front row—S.  
 Teskey, G. Simpson, O. Johnston, J. B. LeBel, T. Newton, H. Corey.



### Field Day

The 1920 Field Day undoubtedly surpassed those of previous years in more than one respect. The day was perfect and the number of entries made was surprising, especially in the Junior events, almost every Freshie entering everything. As usual, the students assembled on the campus at the end of the first space, and the morning events were run off. Boys' and Girls' jumps, throwing the baseball, Jr. Pole Vault, Jr. Shot Put, and the Girls' Hurdle. In the afternoon at Bayview Park the remaining events were run off. The teachers and most of the students, besides a fair number of outsiders assembled to witness the athletic ability of the scholars. Most of the races had to be run off in heats, the entries being greater than ever before.

Wilfred Miller surprised everyone by coming out first in the Senior Boys' Events. Johnny LeBel made second place. In the Jr. Boys' Events Donald McKay, one of the freshies came out on top with Ted Kennedy behind him a close second.

Lillian Fuller, the school champion for the past four or five years in girls' events has at last journeyed to University. So this year the girls felt as if they had a better chance at the girls' championship and as a result more entries were made in the Senior events. Bessie Grace, came out on top with Leila Fraser behind her by one point. Helen Fraser and Charlotte Towers finished the day a tie, and later competed in an extra event, the standing broad jump, which decided Charlotte the Jr. Girls' Champion.

The contest for the Shield awarded to the form whose contestants secured the highest number of points was unusually keen. Not until the final totals were posted, would the forms believe that Form IV had won the Inter-Form Championship.

### BASEBALL

The S. C. I. like all other institutions where sport thrives has its full quota of baseball enthusiasts, who every spring, get their minds and vocabularies stirred into a "goulash" of batting averages, "shine" balls, "soupbones" and "work-outs." No sooner had the balmy breezes of spring brought the robin and the dandelion than the annual meeting of the above described element took place.

An interform league was organized and a schedule drawn up. Middle One, Middle Two and Lower School were represented in the league.

In the first game the Middle Two nine with their older and experienced men, and by frequent use of the "bean" ball squeezed out a win over the Middle One representatives. The Lower School all-star team then defeated both Middle One and Middle Two.

The Middle One team had taken their defeats to heart. The team was re-organized and several of the pitchers were either released or delegated to be back-stops and bat-boys. When the team took the field against Middle Two it was reinforced by a number of cave-men, who with remarkable ability had learned in a few days that the bat was for hitting the ball and not the catcher as they had formerly imagined. The change resulted in disaster for Middle Two. Those of their pitching staff who were not knocked out of the box were the ones who stayed on the bench.

The fame of the Middle One aggregation was spread abroad. A few days after their decisive victory over the Middle Two team they were scheduled to meet Lower School. They were strengthened as before with their willing but green sluggers, who had by this time learned that the best way of getting to first base was to get hit with the ball. The Middle One

team remained on the field till twilight set in and then decided that Lower School wasn't going to show up.

The controversy as to who should be crowned champions raged for some time until the sporting editor of the Collegiate (you know us) appointed Harry McCobb and Fred Simpson to investigate the matter. This commission after viewing the matter from all bases decided unanimously that Middle One were the rightful champions.

A team to represent the school was formed of the stars of all the form teams. Only one game was played and that with Port Huron High. Sarnia had much the better of the game until the last innings when Port Huron knocked the ball all over the field and beat the Sarnia team by one run.

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### Victoria Day Events

Sarnia's remarkable success in winning both trophies at London last 24th of May makes it sure that a team will represent Sarnia at the coming Events. Almost all the athletes who were successful in bringing the school so much honour will be eligible for the contest. If it is humanly possible we are not going to let go of those trophies for some time to come. All Western Ontario will be watching the Championship school next 24th of May and we will surely not fall down on our supporters that day.

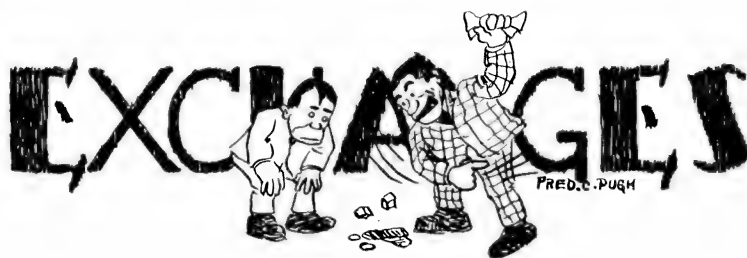
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### Baltimore Trials

Early in the New Year word was received from Mel Brock of Western "U" of a series of elimination trials to be held in February to determine the Western Ontario team which would compete at the Baltimore track events. A few weeks ago the Collegiate athletes began training for the trials in London. The team represented the school as follows:—Eddie Hannah, Capt.; Fred Simpson, Bill Miller, Johnny LeBel. The events were run off on an indoor track. The Sarnia representatives were outclassed by the runners from St. Thomas and Woodstock College.







As we look over the list of exchanges which we have received since our last publication, we cannot but take some pride in it. Our exchanges have increased, not only in number but also in variety. A large proportion of them have come from schools and colleges of the British Isles and of the United States, while the remainder are from all parts of the Dominion, ranging from coast to coast. Who wouldn't be proud of an "Exchange Column" such as that?

For this, however, we are deeply indebted to A. S. Hardy Hill, one of the editors-in-chief of our last year's magazine. It is to him that we owe the large number of Old Country exchanges and those from the more distant parts of our own country and of the United States.

Many of these which we have received are old friends, others we are welcoming for the first time. To one and all, however, old or new, we extend a hearty "come again."

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

**"Hermes," Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan:**

A bright magazine with lots of cuts. Why not another short story or two, with a poem here and there?

**"Student," Port Huron High School:**

One of the best magazines we received. Your short-stories and poetry, however, are few in proportion to the other material.

**"Pelican," Perse School, Cambridge, England:**

Small, but interesting. You have a good athletic record.

**"Fettesian," Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland:**

So you have celebrated your Jubilee! Accept our congratulations.

**"Excelsior," Collegiate Institute, Ingersoll:**

Why not keep the advertisements by themselves? We should also suggest a few more cuts.

**"Blue and White", Port Hope High School:**

A very interesting magazine. You lack short-stories and cartoons. The school notes are good.

**"Victoria," Victoria College, Belfast, Ireland:**

The only girls' school magazine we have received from the British Isles. Your Alumnae notes are excellent.

**"Acadia Athenaeum," Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.:**

Your class of literature would be hard to equal. The absence of cuts is noticeable, however.

**"Black and Red," University School, Victoria, B. C.:**

Not very well balanced. Athletics are given too much prominence.

Would suggest a few jokes and an exchange column.

**"Inklings," Ethical Culture School, New York, N. Y. :**

Isn't you magazine rather small for a school of your size? You have good material, so why not enlarge your paper?

**"Chronicle," Edinburgh Academy, Edinburgh, Scotland:**

Your old boy reunions must be very interesting. The athletic activities are well recorded.

**"College Times," Upper Canada College, Toronto:**

Good magazine. Jokes are good, but can find no short stories or essays. All hail to the "Little Big Four" Champs.

**"Chronicle," St. Margaret's College, Toronto:**

In both material and arrangement you are excellent. The best we received from any ladies' college.

**"Schola Regia," Rayol High School, Edinburgh, Scotland:**

Your records of school events are very good. Your contributed material is good also.

**"Collegian," Stratford Collegiate Institute:**

Small in size but not in spirit. You suffer from a lack of material.

**"Collegiate Outlook," Moosejaw, Sask., Collegiate Institute:**

Very interesting. Where are your cartoons, and why no index?

**"Northerner," Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England:**

We are heartily in favour of maintaining the intercourse of which you speak, begun during the war. Your magazine is different from the other Old Country magazines which we have received. You have not all lengthy accounts of school events with an editorial here and there but introduce humour, something which most of the others sadly need.

**"Review," Trinity University, Toronto:**

The best monthly which we receive. A magazine which it is a pleasure to read.

**"Collegian," St. Thomas Collegiate Institute:**

It is a hard magazine to criticize. Your material is good, well arranged and reviews all school activities.

**"School News," Royal Belfast Academical Institute, Belfast, Ireland:**

We like your editorial on the American school magazine in the Christmas 1920 number. Your magazine is very interesting, with good material.

**"Vox Lycei," Hamilton Collegiate Institute:**

A well proportioned magazine, except in your literary columns. Why not get a few more short-story writers busy? Congratulations to the H. C. I. on your athletics.

**"Echo," St. Mary's Collegiate Institute:**

Small but ambitious. How about an exchange column in your next number?

**"Sowena," Penzance County School, Penzance, England:**

We think your paper very interesting and certainly very good for a first number. We also think your name very appropriate.

**"Oracle," Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto:**

How's this? Toronto rugby and basketball champions! Your magazine is surely good for a first number but how about an exchange column?

**Magazine of Bishop's College School, Montreal, Quebec:**

Your short stories are great but we can find no poetry. Why not a few more cuts?

**"The Blue," Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, Eng.:**

Your contributed articles are good and your school notes very complete.

**"Acta Ridleiana", Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines:**

Your articles are very interesting but why not a few more cartoons and one or two short-stories? Should also suggest an exchange column.

**Magazine of Stewart's College, Edinburgh, Scotland:**

We notice that you excel in both scholarship and athletics. Accept our congratulations. Why not keep your advertisements by themselves?

**"Watsonian," Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland:**

In your "War Memorial" you will have something of which you may well be proud. Wouldn't articles contributed by students add more interest?

**"Review," London Collegiate Institute:**

Your school activities are well written up, but a few more stories are needed.

**High School Magazine, Glasgow, Scotland:**

Your poems are very good. We also like your articles about the old boys.

**"Cantuarian," King's School, Canterbury, England:**

Your editorials are interesting but you lack contributed articles.

**"Garnet and Gray," Albany High School, Albany, N. Y. :**

Your literature is excellent but there is a scarcity of cuts.

**"Nor'easter," Northeast High School, Kansas City, Mo. :**

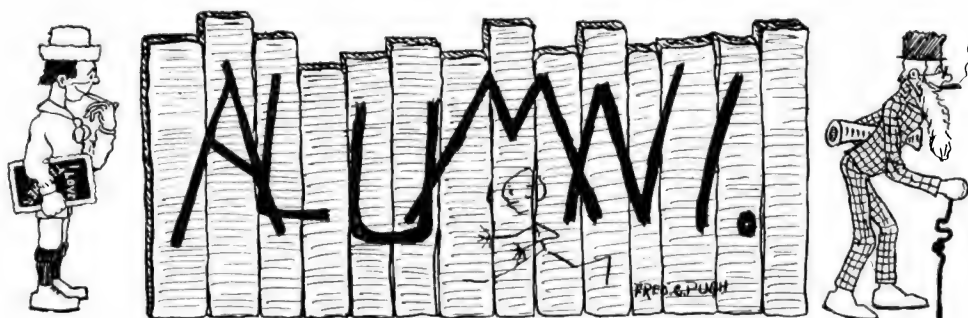
An excellent magazine throughout. You have a good athletic record.

**"Review," St. Andrew's College, Toronto :**

You are hard to criticize. Your jokes are great. Would suggest a few cartoons, though.

**MacDonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que. :**

Your editorials, jokes and especially your contributed articles are very good but surely in a school your size there must be a poet or two hidden away. You also lack short-stories.



With the passing of another year many a student has left the old school to join the ever-swelling ranks of the Sarnia Collegiate Alumni. May each and every one of these entering upon a wider sphere succeed in whatever they undertake.

Some of our graduates are attending Toronto University and on request have sent us the following letter:

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—

Gathered to gether within the precincts of the University of Toronto, is a band of forty or fifty pilgrims from that good old school, the S. C. I. Just to keep up the old tradition and preserve the good old school spirit, they have organized a club which is called the Sarnia Collegiate Alumni Association. This association was started before the war by the students from Sarnia then attending the U. of T. During the war it was forgotten because of greater things but has now been reorganized and is greater and better than ever.

The prime object of the association was that the boys from home should meet once or twice a month and spend a sociable evening together and recount experiences, for with the boys spread over all the different faculties it is practically impossible that they should keep in close touch with one another.

During the past year we have had every success. Our meetings have been held twice a month in Hart House, and there has been a goodly attendance each. During the fall term the society held at University of Toronto schools a dance which was a success in every way. A banquet was also held at the Carlsrite, to which about fifty sat down, there being two guests of honour present, Mr. D. M. Grant and Mr. "Davie" Corcoran. Mr. Grant gave a speech recalling the days of the old Grammar School and many of the experiences there, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. "Davie" also showed us that he had lost none of the wit which has so often brought forth roars of laughter at a Rugby Banquet in Sarnia.

The Club also gave a dance at Sarnia at Christmas time which I am sure will be remembered by all those who attended. On the 9th of March as a closing event of an eventful year, the Club are giving a farewell dance at the University of Toronto Schools and from the number who have signified their intention of being present, it promises to be a huge success.

As for the future this club is looking forward to the time when it will be able to present to the Sarnia Collegiate Institute a scholarship which will be in the form of a sum of money or a prize to be contested for annually at the old school. As yet the idea is in the rough but it is thought that before

long some definite statement may be made about this.

In closing, we wish the Editors of the "Collegiate" every success with their publication and we are sure it will be a success, as it has always been in the past.

Yours sincerely,

Stuart Henderson, Secretary.

---

### Upper School

Of last year's Upper School but two remain, Alice Callum and Russel Harkness, who are intending to write Honour Matriculation.

The majority of the class consists of a number of those who were successful at Junior Matriculation Examinations last summer. These are Catherine LeBel, Grace Sharpe, Margaret McLean, Ted Newton, Kenneth McGibbon, Johnny LeBel, Stanley Teskey, Miles Gordon and John Baldwin. All are taking Honour Matriculation in certain subjects with the exception of Miles Gordon, who is taking Part I Faculty Entrance.

---

### Graduates of 1920

Five of last year's graduates are attending Toronto University: Mina Knowles, Lilian Fuller, Mary Conn, Mary McGeachy and Gordon Carr, while Verna Fraser and Helen Lockie are taking up Kindergarten work in the same city.

Marion Radford is attending the London Normal School.

Marjorie Kerr is studying at Ann Arbor.

Margaret Deans is now working in the law office of Hanna, LeSueur & McKinley.

Margaret Clark has taken a position in the office of the Imperial Oil Company.

Keith Watson is receiving a business education at the Sarnia Business College.

Carl Manore now works in Point Edward, while Alex Lucas is in Toronto.

The following students of last year's Form 4 are attending London Normal: Alice Haines, Vina Bolton, Helen Cowan, Aileen Core, Mary Ferguson, while Manetta Cairns is at Normal School in Stratford.

Toronto University has claimed but three of this class. Frank Cowan, Burton Phippen and Hardy Hill.

Marion Patton, Stewart Richardson, Gordon Mackenzie and Edward Kennedy are all employed at the Imperial Oil Limited.

Those who are taking up business courses are Jessie McGeachy and Lizzie Haney at the Sarnia Business College and Evelyn Burge and Lucy Cook at the Commercial.

David Howard is now in the law office of Hanna, LeSueur & McKinley.

Kenneth Sproule works for W. Kennedy.

Ivan Caldwell attends the Hamilton Collegiate.

Edward Kinsman is at Windsor.

Elgin Turnbull works at the Perfection Stove Company.

The Commercial Graduates of 1920 are : Thelma Granger, Freida Lampel, Irene Watson, Addie Bennett, Dora Tully, Zelma Swafford, Cora McDonald, Wilfred Best, Gladys Brown, Agnes McGregor, Vera Mills, Cora

Eveland, Olive Kaupp, Bert Tully, Grace Gill, Elva Pilkey, Charlotte MacAlpine and Jean Fereman. The majority of these have accepted positions with various firms in Sarnia or neighbouring cities, while Olive Kaupp, Charlotte MacAlpine and Dennis Marks have returned to the Commercial for a third year course.

### Graduates of 1919

Those at Toronto attending University are, Bob MacDougal, Jimmie Paterson, Beatty Jennings, Bill Duncan, Ed. Ferguson, Jack Bell, and Bill Mitchell.

Mary Clarke, Mildred MacDonald, Clara McFerran, Effie Corey, Margaret McKay and Helen McKim having completed their training at Normal School, are now teaching.

Winsome Pendergast is attending the University of Minnesota. Frazier Slater, Anna Gabler and Edward McCobb are attending the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Beatrice Wilson is a member of the Upper School of Niagara Falls Collegiate.

Harriet Brault is now at her home in Wallaceburg.

Aileen Richardson is at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

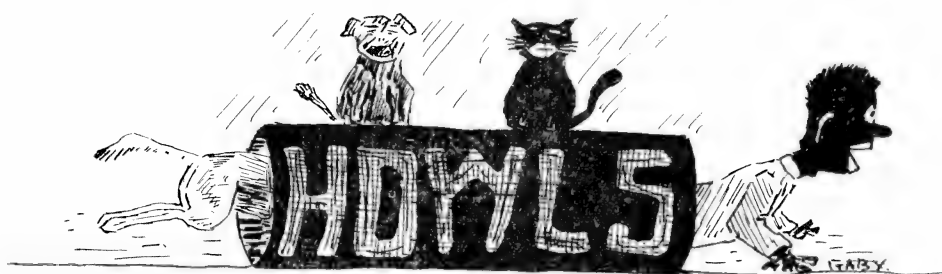
Helen Saurwein now goes to Commercial.

Park Jamieson is reading law with John R. Logan.

Addie Bennett has accepted a position in the Home Bank of the city.

Howard Barclay is employed at Ingersoll's Drug Store and Eddie McDonald at P. T. McGibbon's Drug Store.





## PROLOGUE

It's all the same prologue, epilogue, foreword, hindword, one matches the other. In this simple corner of the magazine, worthy reader, we are going to try and make you smile but have a smile on when you start—just a little encouragement for us. Difficult reading like the “Life of John L. Sullivan,” “Dickens’ History of England,” or an “Anatomical Treatise on the Where and Why of D. D. Dupee” are barred from this section; look elsewhere for them. Again if a few stale chestnuts have crept in don’t blame the editor. It is not his fault. Undoubtedly they got there while he was out rustling up some good ones. So now, dear readers, a toast to the joke editor. May he live as long as his jokes!

A light-hearted jest may be empty enough yet we are all the better for it.

Freshie—“Papa, what i san escutcheon?”

“What?”

This story says that here was a blot on his escutcheon.

Fond Father—“Oh yes! An escutcheon is a light-coloured vest.”

\* \* \* \*

Student—“What raised the price of admission again?”

Mr. Myers—“I’ve got to do it periodically. If I don’t my patrons will think I’m giving them cheaper pictures.”

\* \* \* \*

Blair Pardee, in desperate effort to get rid of Agnes Weir—“Don’t park in this block.”

Weiry—“Nothing ever parks in your block anyway.”

\* \* \* \*

Miss Kenyon in an English Class—“Rabn what is a demagogue?”

Henderson—“Oh that’s a place where demons meet to worship.”

Miss Kenyon—“Then I suppose a synagogue is a place where sinners meet to worship.”

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Dent—“Why do you have to put one hand over one eye when looking thro’ the microscope?”

Grace—“Well, I can’t see with both eyes open.”

\* \* \* \*

Winnifred Pell—“Are you fond of autos?”

Dutch Simpson—“Am I?” You should have seen the truck I ate for dinner.”

\* \* \* \*

Miss Storv—“Is anything the mttter with the Point Cars?”

Chic—“They all leave too early.”

\* \* \* \*

Newton—"Oh! owh! I hurt my finger."

Alice—"Oh! let me kiss it."

Newton—"Now its my cheek."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Graham—"Donohue were you absent the first period this morning?"

Donohue—"No. It might have been my efficiency in Caesar that was absent, but I was here all right."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Young—"Jordan, what are isobars and why do they call them that?"

Jordan—"An isobar is a bar of ice therefore it is called an isobar."

\* \* \* \*

Heard in English class—

Miss Story—"Banwell, wht is the character of the feet in these lines?"

Blessings on thee litle man

Barefoot boy with cheek of tan.

Bnwell, (promptly)—"Bare feet."

D. Mackenzie—"Ho'um such is life. Every time I turn around I see a dago."

B. Wilkinson—"What!!"

D. Mackenzie—"I said whenever I turn around I see a day go (dago)"

\* \* \* \*

Catherine—"I was just reading that they had found Columbus' bones."

Miles—"Gee! I didn't know he was a gambling man."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Harris—"Rose, did you trace this map."

Rose—"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Hrris—"I thought it was too good to be true."

\* \* \* \*

Heard in Form 4 Latin Class:

D. M. Grant—"Translate Williams."

Willims—"La-o-coon."

Mr. Grant—"Say, Williams he wasn't a coon at all."



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**Autograph Page**

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## Autograph Page

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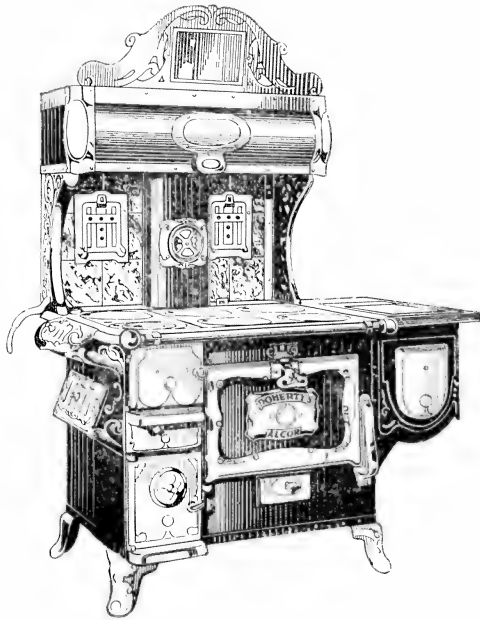
**NICKELL'S**

Opp. the Market

FORTY YEARS AGO, WHEN THE DOHERTY FOUNDRY  
WAS BEGINNING TO MAKE STOVES IN SARNIA

## High Schools Paid Little Attention to Science

In the one Collegiate in Toronto the Physical Laboratory consisted of a handful of test tubes and other glass ware and a few bottles of cheap chemicals. The ideal of the time was to excel in Classics with a little Mathematics on the side.



We know better now. Not that we love the Classics less but we value practical things more. Sarnia is a city of skilful men. Most of their products are sent away, but some of them, like Doherty Stoves can be enjoyed at home.

Have you ever looked through the Show Room, opposite the Public Library? Visitors always welcome. No obligation to buy, but prompt service and liberal terms for those who place an order.

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Miss Oakes—(in French Class)—“How do you translate that, Williams?”

Williams—“I am ready.”

Miss Oakes—“Don't forget you are talking to the maid.”

Williams—“I am ready—— maid.”

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Miss Neely had fallen out of her seat just as Mr. Dent came in.

Mr. Dent—"What are you doing out of your seat?"

Thelma—"I fell out."

Mr. Dent—"How did you fall out?"

Thelma—"I got too near the edge."

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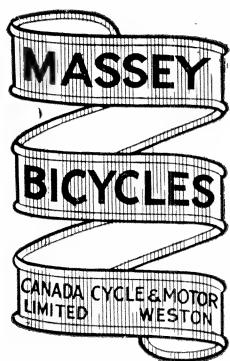
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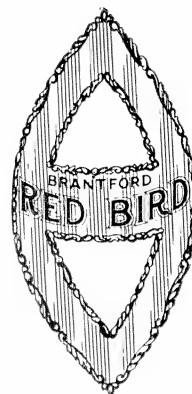
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 A KISS—The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.
 

---

Don McKay—"Maybe I'm going to be in the school play."

Inez Misner—"What role are you playing 'Love's Young Dream'?"

Don McKay—"Naw, I'm the dead uncle."

---

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Mr. Graham—"Now I want you to put these formulas on the wall where you do your homework."

McGibbon—"Sir, I generally do mine on a desk."

Mr. Graham—"Any difficulty with those i's (eyes)."

J. LeBel (looking at Alice Callum)—"Yes."

---

---

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Baldwin—"Why—er—yes, I'm going to — Arkona."

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algia, fever, gastritis, and sea sickness. When he landed his health was  
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Jean (a freshie)—"No, Miss Story is going to let me write mine."

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Miss Oakes, waiting for Lynn's reluctant reply—"Myers, do you know that if you ever gave me a direct answer I'd have to be carried home."  
 Charles Grace sotto voce—"Go ahead, Lynn."

Heard in Latin Class :  
 "Harkness, pronounce 'vicissem' "  
 Harkness—"We-kiss-em."  
 Mr. Grant—"Oh, do you?"

L. Sproule—(after counting the ballots and then the students)—"Say, somebody has voted twice four times."

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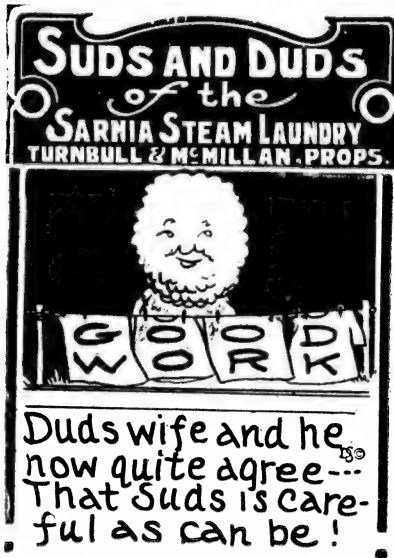
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Hamilton—"Isn't it funny the more you pull that string the bigger it grows."

Gabler—"What?"

George H.—"Why, that hole."

1846—1921

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Your Daily Balance

J. B. PARDEE

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Manager

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Tuesday Morning, Clement to Lynn—"Was it a good show, Lynn?"  
Lynn—"Naw, only four killed."

Miss Oaks to Myers (the latter was sitting with White)—"How is it  
that you're sitting together, Myers?"  
Myers—"I don't know, Miss Oaks."

Mr. Southcombe—"Gardiner, what have you there?"  
Gordon—"Nothing, sir."  
Mr. Southcombe—"Well, put it away."

---

**THE CLEVELAND-SARNIA SAW MILLS  
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SARNIA

—

ONTARIO

---



Mr. Winhold—"For next day do the next 28."

Class—"Oh ! ! ! ! !"

Mr. Winhold—"That's nothing—just a mere matter of form."

Kenneth—"If 32 is freezing point, what is squeezing point?"

Betty—"I don't know."

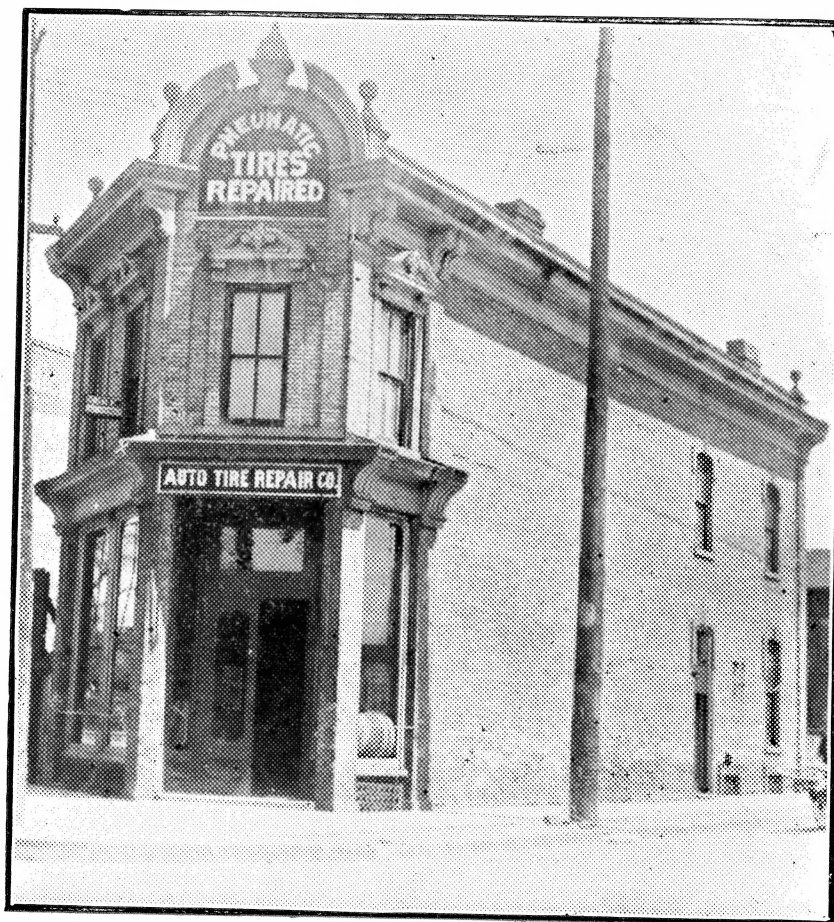
Poke—"Two in the shade."

Johnston—"Hib, why is it beer was most probably first made in the ark?"

Corey—"I don't know."

Johnston—"Because the kangaroo went in with hops and the bear was always bruin."

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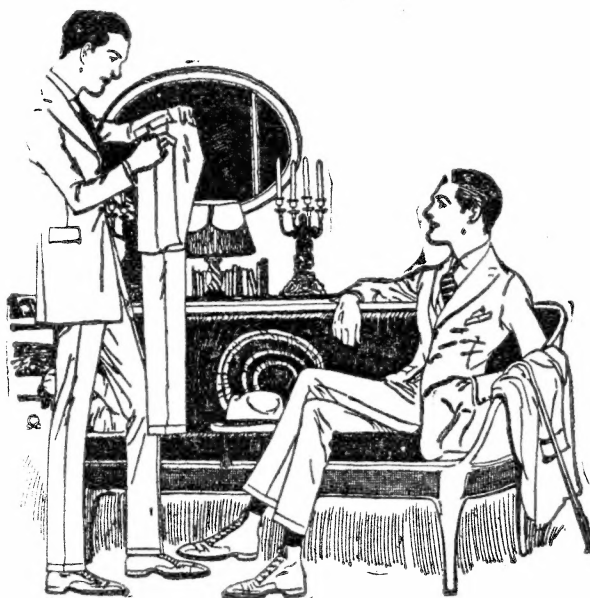
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